The New Statesman and Nation, November 18, 1933

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

Incorporating *The Athenæum*

Vol. VI. No. 143 (New Series) SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1933 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] **SIXPENCE**

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WHAT is "the collective peace system?" asked a Conservative member in the disarmament debate. And the laughter of his colleagues whenever a member of the Opposition tried to take our international obligations seriously showed that they regard as mere scraps of paper the Covenant of the League and the Treaties which bind us to-day at least as much as the treaty on behalf of Belgian neutrality did in 1914. By their ridicule of the idea of an international force—which no one thinks possible without general disarmament—the Prime Minister and Sir John Simon showed that they have never for a moment realised the infringements of national sovereignty implied in the League of Nations. But if the collective peace system at Geneva is to be scrapped, what are we offered in its place? Two new cruisers apparently. Why two? If we are to be thrown back into the old international anarchy, and must "police the Empire" ourselves, we shall need not two but two thousand new cruisers, not to speak of Lord Rothermere's new fleet of air-bombers. Indeed, security on these lines is impossible. We shall be much safer wholly disarmed.

Across the Rubicon

Sir Herbert Samuel, we wrote a year or so ago, is still hesitating on the brink of a perpetually receding Rubicon. This week, by a supreme effort of will, he and about thirty followers (there are still a few stragglers left on the other side) are taking the plunge and putting themselves into open opposition to the National Government. Just what has occurred to invalidate the old arguments for national unity is not plain, but Sir Herbert Samuel's speech in the disarmament debate showed that he at least understood the issues at stake and knew enough to make him condemn the Government's disarmament—or rearmament—policy. He may even have been influenced by the debate in the House of Lords where Lord Cecil produced with great effect a document, published in France, which seems to show that Germany made a very remarkable offer to the other Powers before she left the League, and that M. Daladier's speech of October 8th and Sir John Simon's speech of October 13th were based on a misunderstanding of the German position. It will be said that Lord Cecil's interpretation is open to doubt, and that in any case this is now ancient history. But the incident has this very immediate importance: Germany left the League after a series of secret negotiations, which, like other secret negotiations, refuse to remain really secret, and which come out in driblets as Ministers find it necessary to defend themselves. If the League is to go we have nothing to look forward to but the old pre-war secret diplomacy.

The Free State Outside the Empire?

It is not a bit of good for Mr. Thomas to tell Irishmen that the 1921 Treaty was an "honourable settlement." The fact that it seemed to Englishmen generous is irrelevant. To Irishmen of all parties it was merely the lesser of two evils; it was accepted because the alternative was a full-sized war. Mr. De Valera is doing a popular thing

in whittling away British rights in Ireland, though since neither he nor anyone else in the Free State wants a Republic without Ulster, he can do no more than whittle. The three Bills which the British Government so much dislike represent nothing new in Mr. De Valera's policy: he has always been an advocate of this "in-and-out" position which would leave Ireland in the Commonwealth without acknowledging the sovereignty of the British King. If passed, these Bills will make no difference to practice. The Governor-General does not interfere in the Free State Government's financial appropriations; the Crown does not veto Free State legislation, and Mr. Cosgrave himself took special measures to prevent citizens of the Free State from appealing to the Privy Council. But it is not clear from Mr. Thomas's statement just what threat the Government, in objecting to the anomalous position which the Free State is making for itself in the Commonwealth, is really intending. If these Bills become law will it actually deprive citizens of the Irish Free State of "the privilege of common citizenship" in the British Commonwealth to which Mr. Thomas referred, or insist—again to follow Mr. Thomas's argument—that since the Free State will not co-operate in the Commonwealth, it should be deprived of the benefit of defence by the British Navy? Since we are quite sure that the Government has not the slightest intention of permitting the Irish Free State to have its own navy, we must regard Mr. Thomas's implied threat as bluff. After all, are we not proud of the fact that the British Commonwealth embraces odd forms of allegiance?

The Falling Dollar

Two further casualties have occurred in Mr. Roosevelt's team. Mr. Dean Acheson has resigned and Mr. Woodin retires for a two months' rest. The precipitate fall of the dollar is indeed enough to upset the health of any "sound money" man. Nor do President Roosevelt's latest announcements suggest that he means to check its fall. He is still pursuing the policy of trying to raise internal prices by reducing the gold value of the American currency. When America began her gold-buying policy there were some economists who doubted her power to achieve any real results by this method. But it is now evident that the policy is effective in lowering the external value of the dollar; and the only doubtful point is whether it will be equally effective in raising the level of internal prices. To the agricultural exporter it does, of course, mean the receipt of more dollars than before at any given level of world prices. But this is an advantage only if the fall in the dollar does not bring world prices down to a corresponding extent. The danger is that this will happen, as the competition of American goods, cheapened by the fall in the dollar-exchange, causes producers in other countries to lower their prices in order to retain their markets. The American policy has undoubtedly exercised up to the present a deflationary effect on world prices. The point of importance for us is that, despite this tendency, President Roosevelt clearly means to go on with his policy; its effects are discussed at some length this week in our City page.

"With the Nazis"

On Monday Van der Lubbe stood up and spoke aloud. Asked how he had spent the day before the Reichstag Fire, he said "With the Nazis." Pressed, he did not repeat his statement, but the damage from the Nazi point of view was done. Accordingly, on Tuesday, the German press was instructed by Dr. Goebbels that reports of the trial must not in future exceed a maximum length of fifty or sixty lines. During the coming weeks (when the evidence is to be mainly on the side of the defence) nothing is to be said about the appearance or behaviour of witnesses or prisoners; this ban on full reporting is to remain until the final days of the trial, when counsel will make their concluding speeches. The German public is to be saved the picture of the humiliation of its Government as it is saved from much else that might disturb its complacency in the Nazi regime. We wish, for instance, that there was some way of circulating the November issue of the *Nineteenth Century* throughout Germany. The mass of the German people have not the slightest idea of the horrors of the concentration camps, told in precise and indisputable detail by Mr. Arnold-Forster, who writes immediately after his return from a visit to Germany, which included a personal inspection of the camp at Dachau. Coming from a man who has worked consistently for fair play for Germany ever since the Armistice, Mr. Arnold-Forster's unimpassioned narrative is deeply impressive. It is a terrible corroboration of a mass of evidence which constantly comes to our hands. Reports now come from Germany that some of the men —estimated at fifty thousand—who are undergoing these horrors are to be released. We hope that this clemency is not only for the comparatively small number of unruly Storm Troopers who have been interned.

All Quiet in Afghanistan

It is now clear that the murder of King Nadir Shah of Afghanistan last week was an act of personal revenge, and that there was no foundation for the crop of rumours that flew over the world. Stories of conspiracies, political dissensions, civil war, the projected return of the notorious Amanullah, were all inventions. Nadir Shah's young son is now comfortably on the throne, and the country is said to be quite tranquil. Tranquillity is, of course, a relative term in Afghanistan. A particularly stormy decade of its history was closed four years ago when Nadir Shah destroyed his short-lived predecessor, Bacha-i-Saqao, the "water-carrier's son." But that decade also saw besides the usual, or more than usual, amount of fighting, the beginning of the modernisation of the country. This had an impetus from the Bolsheviks who were for a time in an influential position at Kabul. Amanullah worked the process up to a frenzied *tempo*—and lost his crown in consequence. The late king carried it on more quietly. As regards international relations (a vital matter for Afghanistan, lying as it does between Soviet Russia and British India), Nadir Shah kept on good terms with both neighbours; and there is no reason, so far as we know, to expect any departure from this policy by the new king and his advisers.

A Central Bank for Canada?

The Commission over which Lord Macmillan presided has made its report, and has recommended that Canada should equip herself with a Central Bank on the approved European model. From this recommendation the two Canadian bankers who sat on the Commission dissent; and it is clear that there will be strong opposition from the Canadian banks as a whole. This is natural; for if a

Central Bank is set up the existing banks stand to lose both their present rights of note issue, which are an important source of profit, and the position of acting as the Government's bankers, which is a valuable privilege. Apart from the bankers, most sections of opinion in Canada seem to favour the establishment of a Central Bank in some form; but there is strong opposition in Quebec, which fears a loss of financial autonomy, and even among supporters there are large differences about the powers and policy of the Central Bank if it is set up. The farmers want cheaper credit, whereas the financial world thinks of the project rather as a method of establishing stronger central control in the interests of a "sound money" policy. The mixed reception of the report obviously makes its chances of being carried out none too strong, especially in view of the weak position of the Bennett Government and the extent of the hostility in Quebec.

An Electoral Problem

The Member for Romford has presented to the House of Commons a Bill providing for the division of his constituency into three. He points out that, in view of the new housing developments already carried out or in immediate contemplation, there are likely to be within a very few years over 232,000 electors in a division represented by a single Member. It is more, Mr. Hutchison argued, than one member can do to represent so many people. He secured a first reading for his Bill; but it stands, of course, no chance of becoming law without an allocation of Government time. The Bill raises, however, an important problem—the vast redistribution of population which has been going on during the past few years, and is still proceeding apace. The distribution of parliamentary seats made in 1918 has already been rendered obsolete by this mass movement of people into the new suburbs round London and other great towns, and the shrinkage of population in some of the depressed areas. The time is nearly ripe for a Redistribution Act, in which might reasonably be included some provision for further readjustments by a less clumsy procedure than that of legislation.

The Place of Married Women

At a remarkable demonstration in defence of married women's right to earn their own living, Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, Lord Buckmaster, Lady Astor and others pointed out that the agitation against the employment of married women is not based on any genuine economic argument. It is part of the same reactionary tendency which has taken an extreme form in Nazi Germany. The argument that in times of unemployment women ought not to do the jobs of men is hopelessly fallacious: many women are more efficient than their husbands, many husbands are disabled or physically unfit to earn, while someone has to look after the homes of the women who go out to work. The matter becomes most serious in the case of women teachers who are dismissed by many local authorities directly they marry. In consequence many women who want to marry cannot, while the country loses the services of a number of its best teachers. Local authorities are concerned with the efficiency, not with the private lives, of their employees.

THE TWILIGHT OF PEACE

THE Labour attack last Monday on the Government's disarmament policy was heavily defeated, as everybody knew it would be. The Prime Minister and Sir John Simon defended themselves warmly, and they were able in the course of the debate to score some points off their opponents, not all of whom had briefed themselves so well as had Sir Stafford Cripps. But the vote of 409 to 54 in the House of Commons does not represent public opinion outside. It is ludicrous to pretend that six people out of seven in the country believe the Government have done all that they could and should have done during these last two years in the cause of peace. There is, in fact, widespread and profound dissatisfaction, which is by no means confined to the Labour and the Liberal parties. The policy and the conduct of the Government in the matter of disarmament, said Sir Herbert Samuel, has been "inadequate throughout." The fact that Sir Herbert himself, as he was reminded by the Foreign Secretary, supported that policy whilst he was in the Cabinet, is irrelevant. There is ample evidence to support the charge. Our delegates have not played the part that was expected of them at Geneva. They have given no bold lead, but have preferred to drift or obstruct. They have sheltered behind their experts when it suited them. They have been cold towards other people's proposals. And the Cabinet itself has notoriously been a house divided against itself—some willing to go thus far in disarming, others opposed to moving at all. This does not mean that Great Britain is the only, or the chief, villain of the piece. It does mean that instead of being the hero, as she might have been, she has chosen to be an ineffective and querulous member of the chorus.

But it is no good crying over past blunders and lost opportunities. What is to be done now? The Government have no new plan to propose; but their optimism, it would seem, remains unshaken. "We still hope," said Sir John Simon in his speech on Monday, "to secure by negotiations an equality for Germany by coming down as near as possible to the present German level." (Hansard adds, after "as near as possible," the singular phrase "and perhaps not very close." But this must surely be a mistake; presumably the correct words were as reported in the newspapers: "I trust very closely.") What negotiations, then, has he in view, and when and how are we coming down to the German level? Last week, at the Lord Mayor's banquet, the Prime Minister invited Germany to return to the comity of nations and help in working out a fair settlement. Germany shows no sign of accepting the invitation. This week M. Sarraut and M. Paul-Boncour have asked Germany for a "concrete offer" or "proposal," to which, they say, they will listen with the profoundest attention. But they are not likely, especially since the plebiscite on Sunday, to get any more precise reply from Berlin than they have already had. The next move is with us—the League or the Disarmament Conference—and not with the Germans.

A few weeks ago there seemed to be a reasonable amount of agreement on what that move should be. The Conference would press on with the task of framing a Draft Convention, which might be presented to Germany as an honest attempt to satisfy her demand for equality and other people's demand for security. If it was to be both honest

and effective it must provide at least for substantial measures of all-round disarmament, to begin now and not some years hence, and for a system of inspection and control of armaments, to be applied not to Germany alone, but to every State. There was no ground for believing that the Hitler Government would refuse to consider such a Convention as that. If they did, they would have small sympathy from any quarter. Such a proof of their bad faith would, in fact, justify pressure being put upon them to bring them to reason. But alas! any hopes of agreement on those lines have faded away. The League Powers and the Conference Powers distrust Germany and distrust each other. Of those on the outer ring, Japan has no intention of reducing her armaments, and, that being so, neither Russia nor the United States can be expected to reduce theirs. In the inner ring the prospects appear pretty nearly as bad. France has not abandoned her insistence on a "probationary period" that must elapse before she will begin to disarm, and Germany's lesser neighbours will stand with France. As for Italy, Signor Mussolini is playing a game of his own. He might be prepared to sign a Disarmament Convention which everyone else signed; but he is at present doing his best to prevent any such Convention being arrived at. His Government have to all intents and purposes withdrawn from the Conference, and he denounces the League as based on an "absurd principle." He would like his Four Power Pact to be the machinery for solving the German problem, though he apparently has no more idea than has anyone else how that can be done. Failing this, he doubtless has other ideas, for he is a far-sighted man and a "Realpolitiker"; but those ideas, if we estimate them aright, do not point in the direction of making a happy family of the nations of Europe. Be that as it may, the Disarmament Conference is in sorry case. It is, in effect, reduced to its President and the secretariat, and it is no matter for surprise that Mr. Henderson should threaten, in his dispair and disgust, to throw in his hand and come home for good.

All over the world men are talking of the twilight of peace. That does not imply that the "next war" is imminent, nor that the League of Nations is a corpse awaiting burial. A European war may yet be averted in one way or another that cannot be foreseen at the moment. Hitler may want peace after all and come to terms. Or Hitler's regime may weaken and collapse under the stress of domestic discontents. Or it may become more powerful and more menacing, and raise fear to such a point that the nations will be driven back to the League—to a "better League" as Baron von Neurath has put it—in order to escape a *débâcle*. We do not, in any case, believe that the fundamental principles of the League are done with for ever, though they are little honoured to-day. But clearly we have to envisage some ugly possibilities in the near future. If there is no salvation to be found through Geneva or the Four Power Pact, or any other negotiations, then it will be *sauve qui peut* and general re-armament. What is British policy to be in these circumstances? It ought to be vigilant, of course, and it ought to be prudent. But there is prudence and prudence. Mr. MacDonald's Government is already pressed by two sets of evil counsellors. There are Lord Beaverbrook and the host of "isolationists," who cherish the childish and dangerous notion that we can protect our own national and imperial interests by cutting loose from Europe and leaving the "foreigners" to settle their own affairs in their own ways. This delusion has not affected the Government so far, but it may become more serious if the state of Europe grows worse. The other counsel which is offered—or rather, screamed—by Lord Rothermere, and by others of much greater importance than he, is more sinister. It is that we should throw ourselves whole-heartedly into the race for armaments. We are in a position of inferiority to this Power and that; we must have bigger forces—more aeroplanes, more ships. To this cheapjack patriotism the National Government may turn a willing ear—indeed, they are already turning it. The First Lord of the Admiralty announced on Tuesday that they had decided to build more powerful cruisers. Their decision, which they profess has been forced upon them by Japan and the U.S.A., is hailed with satisfaction in the Tory press. But why should we mind what the Japanese and the Americans do, unless we contemplate attacking them or being attacked by them? Do we contemplate either of those things? Or is there, to look nearer home, any reason to bother ourselves because France or Italy or Russia has more aeroplanes than Great Britain? Unless and until the Government come to the point of disavowing all belief in the collective peace principle, and of peopling the world with Anglophobes, there is no excuse for piling up more armaments. There are many who believe that they have come very near that point. If so, then they are gambling with the nation's interests, and again going counter to public opinion. The great majority of the electors in this country, we are convinced, are thoroughly disabused of the idea that armaments mean peace or security.

NAZI LAURELS

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT IN BERLIN.]

Berlin, November 14th.

ANOTHER chapter in the remarkable history of National Socialism is complete. The election campaign prior to November 12th repays close study, for Dr. Goebbels is perfecting his technique. He has successfully thrown dust in all our eyes when those of us who are most anxious to strive after accuracy and impartiality would have had most to learn from a free vote of praise or censure upon Hitler's first nine months in power.

It is probably difficult for the most perceptive foreigner to understand what the humiliations of Versailles have meant to Germans of the most various ways of thinking. The other day I listened to a discussion between two highly intelligent retired civil servants, who both regard the Hitler regime as a relapse into savagery; one held its success to be Germany's greatest shame, but his friend had found Versailles even more terrible to bear. The League of Nations has been mostly regarded as a French thumb-screw for Germany—only an addition to the torments of the Treaty. This view of the Peace Treaty has been growing ever since it was signed, and the break with Geneva on October 14th brought Adolf Hitler the spontaneous applause of many old enemies of National Socialism. Dr. Goebbels' exploitation of this good fortune has been masterly in the four weeks between October 14th and the national referendum on the policy then applied. In the first place, Germany's action was depicted, far from endangering peace, as a direct peace move. Day by day fresh banners streamed across the streets exhorting the German people to follow Hitler in resisting force, injustice and the world's mania for armaments; Germany, we finally learnt, would lead the world to a true peace. This hypothesis had

two advantages: it delighted many who genuinely detest war, while it in no way disturbed the hopes of those who gladly observe the visible progress of Germany's remilitarisation. But further, the "election" campaign consisted in inextricably entangling the hope of peace with bread, work, honour, and the Nazi party. When Herr Hitler called German industry to a standstill and addressed the workers at Siemens', on the 10th, he convinced his hearers (did some of their overalls perhaps conceal S.S. uniforms?) that a nation which has lost its honour will go short of bread and work; a nation which has slammed Geneva's door behind it can, however, look forward to plenty as well as peace. With such a superb conglomeration of slogans, it would have been prodigal not to serve the Party. Last March we were to have had an end of obsolete Marxist devices like Reichstag elections, but now all the pillars of the State hastened to demonstrate that the Reichstag elected in March was a mere rump, and that Hitler's heroic courage in appealing to the people to-day could at last call into being a united Germany—a true and ultimate *Volksgemeinschaft*. It was therefore decided that the referendum should be accompanied by an "election" to consist in the possibility of voting for a Nazi party list or invalidating your Reichstag vote.

If these were the issues, what more precisely were the methods used in this historic election campaign? November, 1933, was a splendid month in which to wipe out the shame of November, 1918, and in which to celebrate the martyrs of November, 1923 (Hitler's unsuccessful *Putsch* in Munich). Gigantic posters announced that not to say "Yes" in the referendum was treason, and the Government's *Völkische Beobachter* (November 8th) announced: "We supervise everyone and shall know exactly who stays at home, and we shall have a reckoning with you all." To listen to S.A. men one might suppose that concentration camps supply something like a jolly country holiday. Actually they provide a terrifying threat to many people, and, even leaving concentration camps aside, one may always lose one's job. An ambiguous pronouncement from Dr. Goebbels that those who did not vote for the Nazi party in the Reichstag election would destroy the value of voting "Yes" in the referendum was supplemented, on the eve of the election, by General Göring, who cried aloud that those who would not vote for the Party had better stay at home. The interest which the difference between the two votes might have had was thus destroyed. For many who were not afraid were bewildered. As an old soldier said to me at the polling booth in a working-class district when I asked him whether everyone was voting "Yes"—"Well, *nearly* everyone; they must, you see." The subtleties of intimidation, moreover, are developing. The physical violence of last spring is too well remembered for its repetition to be necessary, but there are other and more spiritual ways. For example, the Sunday before the election was the first in the month, and the Nazis who collected the one-course lunch money were able to say in effect: "We know you used to vote Marxist, so mind you vote right next Sunday." About the same time the newspapers had an outburst of unanimous indignation over the alleged suggestions in the foreign press that polling might be tampered with. This controversy so tampered with the electors' confidence that actual falsifications were superfluous.

The referendum and election figures are of no value or interest in themselves for the additional reason that old opposition groups, knowing that their time cannot be yet, encouraged their people to vote whole-hog Nazi—it is hoped that this may cut a little ground from under the feet of those Nazis who spoil for further punitive action. Remembering all this, and remembering too that, for the big majority of Germans, November 12th provided an opportunity to express their strongest political sentiment, viz., hatred of Versailles, it becomes wholly astonishing that two million people should have been found to vote "No" in the referendum. It is perhaps just worth notice that, of the thirty-five electoral districts, that of Hamburg showed the most opposition, Berlin coming second, and Leipzig third.

On the morning after the election Dr. Goebbels announced that the vote had overwhelmed foreign opinion; Germany's enemies had capitulated. To this fiction the Germans attach a surprising degree of importance. But what matters even more is that Adolf Hitler can now assert, as he never could before, that 90 per cent. of the German nation positively supports him. In September the Government was very seriously alarmed by widespread discontent, which is now submerged by the nine-tenths vote. The undyingly meticulous President is reassured, and the Reichswehr, still the power behind his throne, impressed. It is widely whispered that Papen and the Reichswehr chiefs helped to precipitate the break with Geneva to save the long-term professional army, and with this their own last word. The Geneva proposals, by substituting a short-service conscription plan, would have transferred this to Captain Röhm and the Storm Troops, but Hitler wisely chose to sacrifice Röhm's ambition for the moment and seize the immediate advantage. After all, Captain Röhm will not have to wait for very long; already, all university students are being compelled to join the S.A. and to begin upon a year's military training which will provide them with about the same training as the reserve officers received before the war. Expert observers notice that the Storm Troops are becoming steadily more professional.

And now what is to come next? "We shall not rest upon our laurels," Goebbels triumphantly announced on Monday; "the fight will go on." Another lock has been opened, and the torrent of National Socialism is to sweep on. There will be a great show of the magnanimity to former enemies at which Herr Hitler hinted in a recent address to his "leaders," but the Government had been searching for an excuse to release many of the concentration camp prisoners before the heating problems of the winter. The freakish heroism of the voters in the camp at Kislau may be otherwise rewarded.

In general, Herr Hitler would probably prefer not to disturb the delicate equilibrium he has established between his Right and Left wing supporters, at least before the spring. But there are persistent rumours of imminent ministerial changes which would strike at the Right. Neurath and Krosigk (Finance Minister), especially, are thought to be in danger, and perhaps Schacht as well. One hears a great deal of rather vague talk about *Reichsreform*, which now appears to mean the complete obliteration of the old State Diets and the old boundaries between the States. Large new administrative areas, following ancient tribal geography, are envisaged, and the ghost of Bavarian separatism is to be placated by the disappearance of Prussia. What is at present most tangible is that the Nazi fight against both the Catholics and the Protestants, after a carefully manoeuvred election truce, threatens to be violently renewed.

It would be inaccurate to paint the picture of Germany entirely black. The patriotic crusade to the polling booths on Sunday was based upon a wide and genuine satisfaction. Herr Hitler claims to have brought down the unemployment figures by 2½ millions, but the truth is an actual improvement of something like 10 per cent. in comparison with a year ago. Though this is probably quite independent of the character of the regime, it combines, with recent rebukes to the most fanatical of the lesser Nazi leaders, to create a more hopeful atmosphere.

It has often been said of late that General Göring's position has been undermined, and that *Reichsreform* is aimed at his authority in Prussia. But General Göring has been as much in evidence as ever in the last week or so, and as long as Dr. Goebbels is outwardly willing to ally his own ingenuity with General Göring's brutality, no honest critic, however eager to be just, can be at ease about Germany's future. The election campaign culminated on Saturday in Göring's speech in the Berlin *Sportpalast* in which, even before the polling, he menaced both Catholics and Protestants, boasted of his own insults to German justice in the Reichstag Trial, and denounced foreign criticism as induced by the world's surviving fear of the old German Army. His audience, in which the blue

uniforms of his unauthorised Air Service men were conspicuous, roared its most enthusiastic applause in response to these assertions. But outside in the streets the banners demanded only Peace with Honour.

UNEMPLOYMENT AND THE SCHOOL-LEAVING AGE

A CONFERENCE of Local Education Authorities in Lancashire will shortly be held to consider the desirability of raising the age of school attendance. It is possible that it may mark the beginning of a new phase in the history of the subject. When, more than seven years ago, the Consultative Committee of the Board recommended that the school age should be raised to 15, it advanced that proposal as an essential element in its scheme of educational reorganisation. Its object in pressing that the school age should be raised was not merely, as seems still sometimes to be supposed, to add twelve months to the school-life of children, but to make it possible for all of them to receive a secondary education lasting for a period of not less than four years. The novel feature of the present situation is the reinforcement of the familiar educational arguments by considerations of a different kind. Juvenile unemployment, actual and prospective, has given a new gravity to the social aspects of the matter. It is the growing realisation of the disastrous consequence to the individual and the nation of continuing to release children from school at the end of the term in which they become 14, which, it is to be presumed, is partly responsible for the initiative taken by the Lancashire Education Committee.

Exact estimates of the total number of juveniles between 14 and 18 who are unemployed cannot, unfortunately, be given. The facts, as far as they are known, may be briefly stated. According to the Report on the work of Local Committees for Juvenile Employment during the year 1932, issued this year by the Ministry of Labour, "the average monthly statistical figure for 1932 of boys and girls unemployed was approximately 166,000." Since that time a considerable improvement has taken place; in September of this year the figure of juveniles 14 to 18 on the registers of Employment Exchanges and Juvenile Employment Bureaux was 96,906. The addition to be made to that figure to cover children of 14 to 16 who do not register is uncertain; if, as was suggested by the Ministry of Labour in its Report for 1932, it should be about one-third of the total number of juveniles registering, then the figure for September would approach 130,000.

The decline in juvenile unemployment which has recently taken place may continue for several months; but the outlook for the future is not encouraging. The present year, owing to the fact that the numbers in the age-groups 14 to 18 are at their lowest point, is an unusually favourable one. Next year, when the effects of the post-war birth-rate begin to make themselves felt, a counter-movement will start. The following estimate of the number of young persons 14 to 18 likely to be employed or available for employment in Great Britain is taken from the March Supplement of *The Boy*, which stated that it is indebted to the Ministry of Labour for supplying the figures:

(000's omitted.)

1933.	1934.	1935.	1936.	1937.	1938.	1939.	1940.
1,756	1,811	1,871	2,062	2,199	2,084	2,001	1,923

I am not able to say whether this estimate is reliable; possibly it should be revised downwards. If it may be trusted, it would appear that the number of young persons 14 to 18 available for employment will exceed that of the present year by 115,000 in 1935, by 306,000 in 1936, and by 443,000 in 1937. After 1937, the tide is expected to turn, but it appears to be thought that, even in 1940, the figure is likely to be 167,000 above that of 1933.

Even, therefore, if juvenile unemployment on the present scale be dismissed as no great evil, the prospective situation is somewhat grave. Nor, since an increase in the number of young people competing for employment tempts employers to substitute them, where possible, for older workers, will the effects be felt by the former alone. It is misleading, however, to consider the question merely in terms of the country as a whole. Of the 96,000 odd young persons on the unemployed register in September of this year not far short of two-thirds were in three divisions, the north-eastern, the north-western and Scotland. In the specially depressed areas chronic unemployment among boys and girls has existed for some years.

An admirably realistic study of the conditions in one of them, Lancashire and Cumberland, is contained in the recent work of Mr. Jewkes and Mr. Winterbottom, *Juvenile Unemployment*. It brings out certain features of the situation in those counties which might otherwise be overlooked. The first is that a good deal of the juvenile unemployment from which the districts in question suffer is not a mere interval between jobs, but lasts for considerable stretches of time; of some 21,000 children who left school in the summer of 1922, actually 22 per cent. of the boys, and 18 per cent. of the girls, were still without work three months later. The second is that children continue to pour into the cotton industry in spite of the fact that a large proportion of those already in it are unemployed. In one area, where unemployment among juveniles in the cotton industry averaged from August to October, 1932, 20.6 per cent. in the case of boys and 15.3 per cent. of girls, no less than 25.6 per cent. of the boys leaving school for work, and 31.8 per cent. of the girls, entered the same industry in the same period; and a similar story was repeated in district after district. Here, again, it is probable that the last few months have seen some improvement; and here again, it is improbable that the improvement will continue. "Any temptation to ignore the whole question," write Mr. Jewkes and Mr. Winterbottom, "on the ground that conditions will right themselves by an improvement in trade must be set on one side, for the indications are that unemployment is likely to become rather more than less widespread."

So much for the bare facts and probabilities. There is no need to write them up. It can be agreed, at any rate, that the existence of large numbers of boys and girls who are not employed, because there is no profit in employing them, and not kept at school, because schools cost money, is on grounds of public policy a pretty bad business. It used to be said that, in turning children into the labour-market at 14, we were cutting crops in spring. What we are doing to-day is to cut the crops and then let them rot. Can the thing be stopped?

The answer is: "Yes, if we choose to stop it." The conditions under which juvenile workers are recruited and employed raise several different issues, and to emphasise one aspect of the matter is not to imply that others are unimportant. The gravest side of it in the present and near future, however, is juvenile unemployment; and juvenile unemployment can certainly be greatly reduced by adopting the policy, already recommended on other grounds by educationists, of retaining children at school. In the matter of method there are several possible alternatives; but if—to give a concrete example—the school age could be raised to 15 in 1934, some 405,000 boys and girls would be removed from the labour-market in 1935. Both the Scottish Advisory Council for Juvenile Employment and the authors cited above have recently emphasised the social advantages of the step. The former describe it as "more immediately effective than any other in reducing the numbers of juveniles available for employment"; the latter as "the one positive, direct, and certain method of abolishing some part of the unemployment of juveniles."

There are, of course, practical difficulties; but, assuming that they can be overcome, the conclusion of these authorities is not easily resisted. The industrial reactions of the step proposed need not give cause for alarm. The school-age has been raised more than once, and the effects of the step are pretty well known. What has happened in the past has been an up-grading of jobs. The age-group withdrawn from

industry has been replaced by that a few months older, and so on up the scale. If children under 15 were retained at school, the effect would be greatly to reduce unemployment in the age-groups immediately above them, and probably, also, to re-employ some adults. In a matter of this kind statistical forecasts are necessarily precarious; but, in view of the figures, it seems reasonable to conclude that most of the juveniles 15 to 18 at present unemployed would be absorbed into industry, and that the vacuum still remaining would be filled, at least in part, by older workers.

Would those results be regrettable? After all, what is the economic justification for setting children to work at 14, except that the world has so much work to be done that it cannot be put through without their help? When, instead of that being the case, young people of 15 to 18 are being demoralised by idleness, why turn into the labour-market their younger brothers and sisters? Is it any more rational to put the latter into industry when the former are unemployed, than to put boys into the trenches in war before calling up their elders? The matter is more complicated, of course, than such questions suggest; workers of different ages, to mention only one consideration, are complementary as well as competitive. The fact remains, however, that, when there is a shortage of employment, the reasonable course is to concentrate it, as far as possible, on the age-groups of optimum employability. It is certainly not to encourage children of 14 to scramble for entry into industry, when industry finds some difficulty in using the services of older workers, both under and above the age of 18, and greater difficulty still in continuing to use them.

If that view be accepted, what steps should be taken? Of the possible alternatives the most important are two: (i) the raising of the school age by a provision applying to the whole country, though not necessarily brought into operation everywhere at the same time; (ii) the raising of the school age in particular areas, which, if this method were to work, would require to be much larger than those of single authorities. Procedure by local bylaws made independently by separate authorities, though welcome when adopted, as it has been by five of them, is in most parts of the country so difficult that it need hardly be considered.

The first of these courses would involve legislation of a type too familiar to require description. The second course would also, in order to be effective, require legislation, but on different lines. An Act could be passed empowering the Board to schedule particular regions as areas within which the school-age must be raised by a given date, and to make an order raising it to such age, not exceeding 16, as in view of all the circumstances it deemed expedient. The making of such an order would be preceded by a local inquiry, at which objections would be heard and account would be taken both of the industrial conditions and of the degree of preparedness of the education authorities concerned. The order would be made, not for single authorities, but for groups of authorities, covering, as far as possible, more or less homogeneous economic areas. There would be no question of the Board dictating to Authorities, when the majority in a given area were opposed to action; its function would be merely to bring into a line a minority whose apathy prevented action by their neighbours. The addition made to the school-age need not necessarily be the same everywhere, but would vary with the industrial and educational situation. In some areas, for example, it might be one year immediately, and one year after a further interval. In those less hardly stricken, it might be one term, a year or a series of years.

Of these alternative policies, the first is on all grounds to be preferred. If, as probably must be assumed, there is at present no chance of its being carried out, there is something to be said for the second. It presents, of course, certain difficulties, among them the familiar one of contiguous areas, though, if the regions scheduled were extensive, that need not be as serious as hitherto it has been. On the other hand, it would enable the worst of the demoralisation at present going on among boys and girls to be stopped. It would discriminate between areas where action is urgent and those (for example many rural districts) where it can be allowed to wait. It would equip the Board to deal effectively—which means dealing now—with the situation likely to arise when the flood of children entering the labour-market begins next year to swell.

Whatever the method adopted, action of some kind is essential. To the objection sometimes advanced that the reform, if carried out, should be carried out on what are called educational grounds alone, and that, if satisfactory provision is to be made for another age-group or groups, lengthy notice must be given, three answers may be made. In the first place, educational opinion has for some time been in favour of raising the age; until that is done, reorganisation, for all its virtues, will remain a torso, since most children have only just over two years of post-primary education, instead of the four years recommended by the Hadow Committee. In the second place, it is a somewhat pedantic view of education which ignores the practical realities of life among the children for whom education exists. If large numbers of boys and girls are being injured, as they are, in the years following the termination of their school careers, and if that injury can be averted, as it can, by retaining them at school, the most rigorous of precisians may well consent to stretch a point. In the third place, it is very far from being the case that nothing worth having can be offered them. It is quite true, of course, that the plans of many authorities have been seriously crippled, first by the withdrawal of the special building grant and then by the restrictions imposed by the Government on capital expenditure. But one ineptitude ought not to be made the excuse for another; and, even as things are, a good deal in the way of preparation has already been carried out. Between 40 and 50 per cent. of the pupils over 11 were stated in the last Report of the Board to be, in December, 1922, in "reorganised" schools; and in the areas of certain authorities, who took time by the forelock, the percentage is much larger. If the Board would give a lead, many more would push ahead.

The other argument—that accommodation provided now will be useless when the numbers in the age-groups concerned begin to fall—though fashionable in certain quarters, is not very formidable. Apart from the fact that the accommodation in question would often not be "useless," the suggestion that new places must be provided for all the children in the extra age-group retained at school is mistaken. It appears sometimes to be forgotten that, as the bulge in population passes up the schools, it inflates some age-groups, but deflates others. The Board itself has predicted a decline in the number of children under 14; and, though the accommodation thus released would obviously not be ideal for the older children, it is preferable to the street corner. For another thing, it is the opinion of good judges that the provision already made by a considerable number of authorities who have completed reorganisation would be sufficient to meet the needs of the additional age-group. But it is doubtless true that makeshift arrangements would in some cases be necessary. Have they never been tolerated before—and with less justification? R. H. TAWNEY

A LONDON DIARY

SIGNOR MUSSOLINI knows that it pays to advertise. In Italy he permits neither competitors nor critics: he is "always right," by order of the Army, the gendarmerie, the Fascist militia and the Courts. In Great Britain, where *émigré* criticism is often suspect, the *Morning Post* provides him with an exhibition-stand. More disturbing, it seems that he is now even accepted at his own valuation by the *Times*. Fascism, says the *Times* in an encomium inspired by the Annual Report of the Commercial Adviser at H.M. Embassy in Rome, is not merely a form of political dictatorship. "The most important and most enduring part of it is a new economic system." "There can be little doubt that most of the working-class population . . . have accepted Signor Mussolini as their

friend." I wonder how many people who read the *Times* leader, or the column which purported to summarise this Report, realised that the *Times* was only dealing with the introduction to the Report and that this introduction was a quite obvious product of the mass suggestion from which expert advisers ought to be, but are not, immune? I can find nothing in the Report itself to justify the departure from political neutrality which is only partially concealed in the introduction.

* * *

When you examine the reality of the Corporate State, even as seen in this Report, what does it amount to except the prohibition of strikes and lock-outs, plus compulsory arbitration? What is the "new economic system" except the abolition of working-class freedom plus credits to some industrial undertakings, systematic liquidation of others, subsidies to shipping, shipbuilding and industry, high tariffs, and well-advertised expenditure upon public works, notably land reclamation? There is nothing new or significant in all this. What is significant is that the funds of a social insurance system, set up before Fascism existed, are the financial bulwarks of industrial reconstruction. Is it true that Italy "is in a somewhat better position than her neighbours" to weather the economic storm? Her internal Public Debt exceeds its pre-Fascist dimensions. The budgetary deficit for 1931–32 was £23,000,000; for 1932–33, more than £70,000,000. Treasury deficits are mainly recouped from the funds of the Savings Banks and the reserves of the social insurance institutions! Exceptional war expenditure apart, the Italian Finance Minister had a smaller deficit in the two years preceding the March on Rome. The total foreign trade in 1932 has shrunk 48 per cent. as compared with 1930. The "balance of trade" is still unfavourable. (It was not Mussolini's fault that 1932 was the most disastrous year for Italian tourist traffic for over ten years.) A partial census of industry shows an average percentage of employment of 67.2 per cent., as compared with September, 1926. The monthly average of unemployment for the year 1932 was 1,006,441, as compared with 409,390 for 1922. The index figure for the cost of living has fallen 15.73 per cent. since 1927. "Industrial wages have been reduced by a much larger proportion." "Reductions effected without the consent of the syndical organisations are widely found." In the glass industries, the reductions range from 20 to 40 per cent.; in the cotton trade, 40 per cent.; in silk weaving, 38 per cent.; in the metallurgical trades, 23 per cent., excluding reductions in the case of individual firms which had been accorded on a vast scale. Additional supplementary and arbitrary reductions without negotiations have been effected by the regrading of work staffs and the systematic reduction of piece rates. Thus the Report. I think the writer in the *Times*, who described Signor Mussolini as the workers' best friend, cannot have read it. As for the state of business, bankruptcies, great and small, exceeded 21,000 in 1932, which beats the British record five times over.

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But what of all Mussolini's wonderful programme of public works? Well, there is real progress in the production of hydro-electric power. Great Britain, without hydraulic resources, is making even greater progress in a similar field. As for transport, old roads have been macadamised and repaired in Italy, and new roads completed. But the total expenditure of the Road Board since 1928 was only £64,000,000. Scarcely an impressive effort for "a new economic system." 670 miles of new roads were completed in four years in Italy. In Great Britain, without Fascism, 1,305 miles of Class I roads were completed in the four years ended 1931. And they are much better roads. The total expenditure on public works during the ten years of the Fascist regime is less than the annual loans for local works out of the Local Loans Fund in Great Britain! In fact, when you examine these figures, this "new economic system" is just a gigantic bluff, and the bluff comes off only because the honest Italian critics are in penal settlements.

Everyone will agree with the *Times* that it is desirable to have the opinion of artists as well as scholars on pictures that the nation thinks of buying. Only, who is to decide who are artists? Of the eight gentlemen appointed by Mr. Kelly to serve with him on his self-constituted jury only one would be reckoned an artist by a body for which I have at least as much right to speak as they have to speak for British art—I mean the body of European culture. European culture would agree that Mr. Steer was an artist, and that the eight other gentlemen appeared, so far as their work was known, to be very poor painters. No less than five of "this kind of jury of artists" are professors or ex-professors. For my part, I have good reason for mistrusting their judgment. When I went to see the Castle Howard picture at Spinks' I had an opportunity of seeing beside it a portrait of about the same period from Lord Bute's collection. This might be the work of a sign-painter; it is of a gross ineptitude and empty beyond belief. Yet I was assured that some of the professors, and Mr. Kelly himself, admired it hugely, far preferring it to the other work. If photographs of these two pictures could be shown side by side, the confrontation would settle for all men and women of taste, not the authenticity of the Castle Howard portrait, but the hash of Mr. Kelly and his select group. Until this can be done, it would be well to bear in mind that there are in England plenty of painters, whom even the *Times* would admit to be the equals at least of these self-appointed artists, who do not share their opinions and who laugh at their pretensions.

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The Anti-war Exhibition at Cambridge is a striking and well-planned affair. It is run by the Trade Unions, Labour Party and Co-operatives: most of the work has been in the hands of Barbara Nixon, and it has the support of some of the best known dons. It does not concentrate on the horror side of war, though there are a few terrible photographs of the results of disfiguring face wounds and of post-war famine. The section dealing with the character of the next war has been strictly supervised by laboratory research workers who prevented, for instance, the inclusion of material about the possibilities of bacteriological warfare on the ground that no methods have yet been found for using it effectively—that is, of course, without effect on both sides. The essential idea has been to bring out, by contemporary posters, documents and photographs, first the political situation preceding the last war, then the technique of propaganda which took peoples singing into the war, then the realities of monotony, devastation and suffering, followed by the disillusion and famine which accompanied peace. The Exhibition then turns to exposing the preparations for the next war, the causes working for war now, and the growth of anti-war organisation. There are striking posters—some by Low, and Jean Carlier's *Pour le Disarmament*, for instance. It is good to find that Cambridge is not leaving all the campaigning to Oxford. There seems to have been no justification for the attack made on the Armistice Day Anti-war marchers. I sympathise with a working-class spectator who was heard to say, when the patriots started throwing fish, eggs and tomatoes: "There are plenty of poor devils in this town who would be glad of some of that!"

* * *

Lord Beaverbrook: "I absolutely assert that in advancing a policy of a Customs union in the British Empire we are doing God's work."

"When you say that you are doing God's work, does God admit that one man is a foreigner and another is his brother?"

Lord Beaverbrook: "Certainly. Why did God raise up the British Empire? Why did God raise up the Israelites? Why has God maintained the British Empire during the tempests and trials of centuries? Why has God made us the greatest, finest and most powerful people in the world?" (Loud applause.)

Lord Beaverbrook at Putney, reported in *Daily Express*.

* * *

There is not a single armament firm in the country which can be described as executing a single order for the preparation of any kind of weapons for the purpose of prosecuting war.—Mr. Hannon, House of Commons, November 7th.

It is announced that the Nobel Committee of the Storting has decided to award no Nobel Peace Prize this year.
—*Times.*

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. . . The *main* concern of Armistice Day is, after all, peace and not war.—Atticus in the *Sunday Times.*

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It is with a sure instinct that the English public turn away from the too intimate pictures of their national heroes.—The *Saturday Review* in condemnation of the vulgarity of "The Private Life of Henry VIII," and films about Nelson.

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Some of the guests had forsaken African for European attire and were arrayed in the very latest fashions from Huddersfield and Paris.
—*Nigerian Daily Times.*

CRITIC

SPLENDID ISOLATION

WE all want peace—but how? Some bid us look
To Mr. Churchill and Lord Beaverbrook,
Who strive to rally a bewildered nation
Round the black flag of "Splendid Isolation."
It sounds so well—"Let Britain only trust
In her own strength, calm, confident, and just,
Free from commitments to a world ingrate,
Sole mistress of her own imperial fate."
Yes, it *sounds* well; but give me leave, I pray,
To put the same thing in another way.
"Let Britain"—that's the secret—"lay aside
That world-wide influence which was once her pride,
Take counsel of her present ease, and cease
The long, hard quest for order, justice, peace;
Leaving to others, if they will, to fight
For national faith, or international right;
Trusting no law, although her case be just;
Trusted by none, since she to none will trust;
Piling up armaments, with none to check,
Yet shivering still, amidst financial wreck,
Lest rivals, with the race renewed again,
May match her ship for ship and plane for plane;
Half-mournful for the League's forgotten spell;
Dragged into feuds she brought no aid to quell;
With this one comfort that, if foes attack,
She seeks no League, no pact to hold them back;
Sure that her fate, for good or evil, stands
Still in her own—or in her foeman's—hands,
And at the worst, starved, ruined, overthrown,
Britain may die, as she has lived, alone.
Put it *that* way—which is at least as true—
It doesn't sound so well: or what say you?

MACFLECKNOE

DISAGREEMENT

THE longer one lives the more acutely one realises the difficulty of finding a subject in regard to which a hundred per cent. of honest men will agree. We have seen lately a correspondence in the *Times* raising the question whether the life of a razor-blade can be prolonged by being left, when not in use, in a position in which it points north and south. Human and honourable men took part in the argument. Some of them had carefully pointed their razor-blades due north with the help of a compass and were able to announce that the experiment had been a triumphant success, resulting in several extra shaves per razor. Here, one would have imagined, was a question the answer to which could easily be established by experiment. Yet, in spite of all the facts and figures provided by the experimentalists, an authority on razors was able to state an excellent case for believing that the north and south theory was all moonshine. How can we expect nations speaking different languages to agree on the great issues of world politics if a handful of more than ordinarily intelligent Englishmen cannot agree as to whether one position is better than another for razor-blades?

The chief trouble about the human race is that there is no universal wish for agreement. The instinct to disagree is in many people stronger than any other after the instincts of hunger and love. From an early age they long for an occasion for disagreement as a boxer longs for a chance to use the gloves. The great sport of argument is their passion. They contradict their elders merely to keep in practice. If they meet an old gentleman with a reverence for Milton, they set out to prove that Milton was a minor poet. They mock at established gods and proffer new and outrageous gods in their place. They are ready to defend any cause if they are sure it will raise the blood-pressure of an elder to do so. When they join debating societies they fling their enthusiasm on the side which will give them the greater number of opportunities of contradicting people.

I once knew a youth who spent all his leisure hours looking for occasions of dispute as a wasp roams the air looking for rooms containing dishes of marmalade. If he met a Christian, he would produce twenty powerful arguments against belief in the existence of a God. If he met an atheist, he would do his best to make it clear that no intelligent man could possibly be an atheist. If he met an agnostic, he would mock at him as Mr. Facing-Both-Ways, and demonstrate that, while orthodox Christianity and atheism are both tenable creeds, agnosticism is a mere cowardly evasion of the issue. He would argue with Prebysterians in favour of prelacy, with Baptists in favour of infant baptism, and with Plymouth Brethren in favour of the larger hope. He was as happy in defending as in attacking the theory of eternal punishment. I have heard him do both in the course of twenty minutes. He was equally catholic in his capacity for seeing the other side in political, literary and metaphysical discussions. If he had known enough mathematics I have no doubt that he would have made out a good case for questioning the accuracy of the multiplication table.

At a first glance, deliberate disagreement of this kind looks very like indifference to truth. I am not sure, however, that it was not in the interests of truth that Nature implanted in us the instinct to disagree with our neighbours. After all, outside the exact sciences it is impossible for us to know the whole truth about anything, and these carpings and questionings may serve truth by testing it. If we all agreed, our beliefs might gradually petrify into superstitions. Opposition no less than acquiescence keeps them alive, and we become indignantly more certain of a thing when somebody denies it. Wisdom is born of disagreement. That is why I believe in that much-abused institution, party politics. In party politics we find two or three sets of human beings, imperfectly equipped with knowledge and intelligence, any one set of whom would, if everybody agreed with them, probably land their country in chaos. History has shown that a party with whom a vast majority of the electors agree becomes almost incapable of action. Set the noble instinct of opposition at work, however, and straightway reality is restored to politics. Ministers are put on their mettle. They awake out of their lethargy. The old saying that "it is the duty of an Opposition to oppose" has been described as one of the stupidest sayings ever uttered; and I admit that the word "duty" is misleading. At the same time, how lucky for a country that it is the instinct of an Opposition to oppose! By this means statesmen not conspicuously wise are enabled—even compelled—to do wise things, at least occasionally. I do not envy many countries their Governments, but how enviable to-day seems every country that has an Opposition!

Opposition, indeed, seems to me so necessary in politics that, if a country did not possess an Opposition, I should be in favour of its paying enormous salaries to some of the ablest of its citizens to attack every measure of the Government and to state the strongest possible case against it. If I were Herr Hitler, I would nominate an Opposition from among my most ardent followers, and order them to rake all my measures

fore and aft with their arguments. An unopposed dictatorship can be justified only on the assumption that there exists a human being much wiser than any human being really is. In such circumstances the national intellect may well go asleep under the blanket of universal acquiescence.

England is, fortunately, a country in which there is always an unfailing supply of differers. Even in time of war, there is some still small voice to cry "No" to whatever may be proposed. In normal times you cannot even put a Plumage Bill through without opposition. The humanest Acts for the protection of children have evoked disagreement as though they were outrages on liberty. During the week we have seen an extraordinary example of the working of the instinct of opposition in the debate on the Third Reading of the Protection of Birds Bill in the House of Commons. Here, you would have said, was a Bill in regard to which all ordinarily humane men must agree. Anything that prevents the sale of wild birds in cages is, on the face of it, a step towards the prevention of unnecessary cruelty. Everyone knows that there is a considerable amount of cruelty in the capture and transport of these birds, and that thousands of them are confined in cages far too small for them. Even so, Mr. Kirkwood and thirteen other Members opposed the measure.

Mr. Kirkwood did so on the ground that the Bill originated in the House of Lords, and that it was class legislation designed to interfere with the "essentially working-class hobby" of bird-keeping. Commander Marsden opposed the Bill on the ground that "the ordinary wild-bird fanciers were the working people of this country, and the one or two birds they kept were not only their pets but their friends." And other Members objected to the Bill because it involved a charge of cruelty against those who kept wild birds in cages.

It seems to me a good thing to have these reminders that there is a case for those who keep caged birds as well as for those who hate to see them in cages. The habit of keeping caged birds undoubtedly originated, not in cruelty but in the love of animals. Wordsworth was no monster, yet what enchantment he found in the caged thrush singing at the corner of Wood Street! Some people even tell us of goldfinches that become so enamoured of their captivity, with its security and easily obtained food, that they refuse to leave the cage though the door is left open for them. Many birds certainly sing in their cages as if they thought themselves in Paradise. At the same time there is something increasingly repugnant to modern sentiment in the sight of a bird imprisoned in a small cage and unable to live its natural life of flight and song in the open air. There are few more depressing spectacles than the fading plumage of a goldfinch in a bird-seller's window, and not even the most enthusiastic bird-fancier would argue that a lark is happy in a cage. Add to this the fact that cruelty is almost inevitable in the capture of wild birds for sale, and that the present generation is coming more and more to prefer birds in their natural surroundings to birds in cages, and the case against encouraging the old-fashioned possessivism in regard to birds seems overwhelming. Many people, however, do not realise that there is another side even to this question, and that, if the birds were to possess votes, a vigorous minority would possibly vote against the Bill. At the same time, I think the vote of the birds would be fifty to one in favour of the measure. And that is enough for me. Y. Y.

Correspondence

THE PACIFISTS' DILEMMA

SIR,—My old friends the pacifists—those of them, that is, who have not become militarists under the respectable colour of Communism—appear from your Correspondence columns to be in a state of some perplexity. Shall they stand for complete unilateral disarmament? Shall they arm in defence of the League? Or shall they do their best—this I fancy is the policy favoured by THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—to land us, in the interests of peace, in another private war, with Germany or Japan, or both? It is a sad muddle to be in, and comes, unless I mistake, of being a little muddle-headed; for the arguments in favour of complete, and if necessary one-sided, disarmament are a good deal stronger now than they were when we were all of a mind in the good old days of the last great war.

Defensive arms are things of the past. The best experts assure us that the next war will be waged from the air, and that the killing will be done by some few thousand brave and resolute men, or possibly women, precipitating aeroplanefuls of gas, bugs and bombs on the heads of us below. If by "arming" were meant devising means of protecting our heads from these lethal precipitations, I, for my part, should be all for armaments. But "arming" in the minds of intelligent and realistic military men, who are, of course, extremely rare, means nothing of the sort; it means devising larger and more rapid vehicles and strengthening the brew.

That being so, we shall not make ourselves or anything else safe by arming. Neither can we make ourselves quite safe by disarming. Nevertheless, since one of the commonest motives for pelting others is the fear that if not pelted in time they will pelt us, any nation that puts itself out of a position to pelt makes itself less likely to be pelted. Completely disarmed we are not safe, but we are safer. Any policeman will tell you that in a brawl it is generally the man with a pistol in his pocket who gets shot.

To be completely disarmed is then, in itself, some protection; while to be armed, besides being a provocation, is, under present conditions, no protection whatever. All that our military advisers promise us is that while we are being suffocated or dying of cholera in London, the people of Paris or Berlin or Tokio will be getting it too. To me that is no compensation; and so far as I can make out the only people who may come well out of the arrangement, apart from the manufacturers, are the few thousand brave and resolute fellows who will be flitting about above the gas-fumes.

But if armaments are no protection they are a considerable expense. We pay for them directly in taxes and indirectly in general loss of purchasing power. What is more—and this is the crowning folly which gives the needed touch of farce to a situation which some might otherwise be inclined to take tragically—our armaments are not only useless for defence but most of them, and the most expensive, equally useless for offence. For if the next war is to be waged with microbes and chemicals from the air, and is to be over in a few days or weeks when the populations of all the belligerent countries have been pretty well exterminated, of what use are battleships, field-guns, tanks, infantry and—yes—would you believe it—cavalry? For we are still training cavalry. That's the way the money goes. To quote a British admiral—"scrap the lot." CLIVE BELL

SIR,—No doubt Mrs. Stevenson is right in thinking that if the clarions were again to be sounded "vast numbers of the younger unemployed would volunteer for the forces." None the less it remains true that whoever does gain by war, the working-classes most certainly do not. It is this fact which justifies the assumption that, if properly led, the working-class movement will be opposed in all circumstances to war. In writing my letter I had in mind the recent anti-war resolutions of the conferences of the Labour Party and the International Federation of Trade Unions, and of the Trades Unions Congress. I do not deny the difficulties of the policy of organising international working-class resistance to war. But Mrs. Stevenson does not suggest any alternative policy.

I would remind both your correspondents that I spoke of war resistance "in so far as it has a part in the work of organising peace." So long as we have a League, we must have a League policy. I cannot here develop my ideas of what that policy should be, except summarily to say that it should consist of an attempt to bring the League kettle to the boil. Let us find out whether any good thing can still come out of Geneva. If the answer proves to be "Yes," well and good. If "No," then war resistance must become our first instead of our second line of defence.

Mr. Cooke's difficulty is really with the meaning of the word "pacifist." In the sense of preferring peace to war, we are all pacifists now. But that kind of pacifism is not enough. There would be less confusion if the word "pacifist" were always to be taken to mean one who, on account of certain absolute principles, philosophical or religious, will in no circumstances whatever take part in war. In that sense, apparently, neither Mr. Cooke nor I are pacifists. Would he be prepared to agree with me in advocating the use of force by an international authority, if it

were to be proved that by these means the use of force by national authorities would be diminished? I should be prepared to fight shoulder to shoulder with Mr. Cooke to win a permanent peace, if it ever could be proved that by those means a permanent peace could be won.

The extreme test for my own pacifism is the hypothesis of Hitler invading a Socialist England. If we were to fight him, we could not be sure of winning. All we could be sure of would be that the war would involve a very good chance of the destruction of twentieth-century civilisation, both in England and Germany.

82 Ladbroke Road, W.11. F. M. HARDIE

NATPECS

SIR,—In his latest book, *Germany Enters the Third Reich*, Professor Calvin B. Hoover says, "Through the National Socialist success in Germany liberalism, democracy and old-style capitalism have lost their most important stronghold on the Continent." I would go farther. For me, as for many of my friends, the overwhelming success of the Hitlerist coup has driven the last nail into the coffin of internationalism, as British Socialists have understood that word.

What is the position? International capitalism is breaking down. Civilisation, east and west, is rapidly resolving itself into a series of nationally planned economies, "natpecs," as they have been nicknamed. Russia, the first country to plan a complete national economy, grows more natpec every day. Italy is stabilising her natpec. Germany is desperately thrashing along towards a natpec destiny. Across the Atlantic the United States is muddling through to natpec in super-British style. Here in Britain the slow but inevitable slide to natpec has begun. Inevitable because of world economic conditions; slow—perhaps very slow—because of the Empire's highly internationalised industrial, financial and geographical position.

Such a world must involve wholesale adjustment (*Gleichschaltung*, in Nazi language). Every class and caste—from the industrialist to the parson, from the shareholder to the Trade Union leader, from the film star to the writer of your weekly "Comments"—must suffer such adjustment as the price of survival.

Perhaps the most spectacular fate of all awaits that god in the machine of old-style capitalism, the banker. Mr. Montagu Norman's frenzied, after-dinner hunt for similes, the increasing bewilderment of bankers everywhere, the "uneasiness" reported from all the financial centres of the world whenever President Roosevelt adjusts himself to economic necessity—these are signs that the "boy friends" of Mr. Pierpont Morgan are about to "take the rap." And how!

Finally—and this is the crux of my problem and yours—what is the fate of the Socialist in a natpec world? In so far as he remains an old-style internationalist he will be simply an anachronism to be liquidated. In so far as he accepts the inevitability of "Socialism in one country," as Stalin, that High Priest of natpeckers, phrased it, he must either consciously or by default go natpec.

The hour seems to have struck for a show-down. REALIST

FREE SPEECH AT OXFORD

SIR,—Considerable comment has been aroused by the sudden cease-fire in the Free Speech controversy at Oxford, following upon a guarded public statement issued by the Proctors. Owing to the isolated publicity gained by this public statement, the real advance secured in the cause of undergraduate free speech has been obscured. The committee of the Oxford University Labour Party would therefore like to take this opportunity to make the actual position clear.

It is important to remember first that the Proctors *originally* took their stand on the bald and unqualified principle (which appeared in the press) that "We are unable to authorise any public meeting or advertised club meeting organised by undergraduates which attacks a recognised University Institution." This principle was used to justify the ban of a public meeting to criticise the O.T.C. as an integral part of University life.

In contrast to this, the present position is as follows. The Proctors' public statement contains no mention of the categorical need to defend University Institutions from public undergraduate attack; indeed "it does not follow that all public criticism of university matters is illegitimate." Further, the Proctors allowed to go unchallenged a public statement from the Labour Club that it had "been assured that an Application for a Meeting on Military Organisation in the Universities will be favourably considered in the future."

The Proctors have therefore departed very considerably from their original declaration of principle, and have agreed in principle to sanction a meeting similar to the one originally banned. This advance was gained by negotiation between members of the Oxford University Labour Party and Labour Club and the Proctors, in spite of difficulties created by the October Club.

The position of the Oxford University Labour Party is: (i) That it is prepared to accept the present state of affairs as all that is for the moment possible so long as the Proctors do not in the future use their statutory discretion to limit the elementary rights of undergraduate free speech.

(ii) That the risk of publicity should not in itself be a ground for banning a meeting, especially as the policy of stopping publicity by ban frustrates itself.

(iii) Finally a word must be said about the suspension of the October Club. The Proctors have insisted as a condition of its continuance that it should disaffiliate from the Federation of Student Societies. This is a principle against which the Oxford University Labour Party strongly protests.

(For the Committee of the Oxford University Labour Party) G. D. H. COLE, R. H. S. CROSSMAN, P. C. GORDON WALKER

HOW THE UNEMPLOYED LIVE

SIR,—In Miss Mrs. Ruth Bowley's letter on "How the Unemployed Live," one of the women is quoted as saying: "There ought to be a club for the wives of the unemployed too." A few members of the Society of Friends have started such a club in Hull, and as it has been a great success I feel I should like to tell you something about it, in the hope that other people may be inspired to start similar clubs in other places. We meet every Monday from 7–8.30 at the Friends Meeting House. We definitely refused to have it as a charity club. Each woman pays 1d. an evening, and for this we all get a cup of tea and sandwiches, just before returning home. We have kept the club small, about sixteen women, who have among them forty children, so that we could really give adequate help, and maintain a friendly and informal atmosphere. Our main idea is to help to clothe one family of forty children, and for this we bought new wool, and a remarkable number of garments have been knitted by the women—*e.g.*, vests, jerseys, coats, etc. We have also made shirts, nightdresses, and petticoats out of new material, mended and darned old clothes that have been given us, and now we are making coats for the winter. As for the money to buy these things not very much is needed, and we have had no difficulty in raising enough amongst friends. J. G.

Friends Meeting House, Hull.

FASCISM IN AUSTRIA

SIR,—I do not think it is generally realised in England how far Fascism has gone in Austria. I have been to Vienna several times this year, and each time I have found that Fascism has taken a big stride forwards—in the direction of Berlin methods. Austria is now a State where the police have almost unlimited powers of arrest—and use them, condemning political suspects to long terms of imprisonment on the slightest pretexts. One example of the increasing Fascist pressure: in June, even, the Marxistische Schule was allowed to hold its course, and though a police officer was always present at lectures, there was no interference. Now the Schule is quite simply forbidden.

A letter has just come in from a Communist in a concentration camp at Wöllersdorf. There are about four times as many Nazis there as Communists, but it is extremely doubtful whether they will stay there very long, as it is believed by many that the hour of reconciliation between Austro-Fascism and Hitlerism, fostered by Mussolini, is not far off. It is thought that the Nazis are better treated than the Communists, but of this there is no definite proof. The Communist writes that they live in sheds, in which the cold is intense. They have sacks of straw to sleep on, no blankets or other covering of any sort is provided. Food is insufficient, and he asks urgently for some to be sent to him, also money to buy more, and tea and tobacco. They do daily drill and exercises (Turn und Exerzierübungen); their severity can be judged from the fact that this particular prisoner's trousers and shoes were unwearable after a few days. He writes that he expects a long stay in the camp.

The danger is that the Government will follow in the case of the camps the same methods it used in its other attacks on the workers; that Socialists will follow Communists finally to Wöllersdorf. Significantly enough the *Arbeiter Zeitung* the other day, in announcing that Nazis had been sent to the camp, concealed the fact that Communists had been sent at the same time. The Social Democratic leaders are undoubtedly alarmed at the increasing embitterment and radicalisation of the workers, and try to conceal the anti-worker tendencies of the Government with which they are compromising. Several protest strikes have taken place, e.g., in the Floridsdorf gasworks—and deputations have been sent to the leaders asking them to take a firmer line.

An interesting example of anti-Fascist underground activity is the distribution of thousands of 2-groschen pieces stamped with Rettet Torgler on one side. I have one in my possession. There are also some 1-schilling pieces stamped in the same way. Actually the Government has allowed more latitude to demonstrations in favour of the Leipzig prisoners, as it was bound to, but even so great difficulties are put in the way.

The anti-Semitic tendency of the Government has been increasing lately, particularly in regard to the hospitals. The presence of the Heimwehr as auxiliary police in Vienna cannot be compared to that of the Nazis in Berlin in February, but one hears continually of Heimwehr men, rather the worse for drink, beating up some person they meet, whom they suspect of being a political opponent. Meanwhile anybody carrying a book or parcel at night is liable to hear the heavy steps of policemen behind him, who will examine with the utmost suspicion whatever it may be—perhaps a copy of *Flush*.

AN ENGLISHMAN IN VIENNA

THE UNEMPLOYMENT BILL

SIR,—In the article on the new Unemployment Bill in your issue of November 11th, it is stated that applicants will have the right of appeal from the officials of the new Unemployment Assistance Board "which they have not from the P.A.C.s."

Surely this is not the case. Applicants, whether they be "transitionals," able-bodied unemployed persons, or ordinary "relief cases," are entitled to appeal from the district sub-committee which originally deals with their case, to the Area Review and Special Cases Sub-Committee, and, in my experience, the appeal is not infrequently allowed. They may also appeal against the decisions of the Review and Special Cases Sub-Committee.

This Committee is, moreover, the channel through which the Ministry has hitherto interfered with decisions in individual cases—but almost invariably to give the screw an additional twist.

The following is a ludicrous example of how the system works at present. Recently the Ministry returned to my Review and Special Cases Sub-Committee a transitional case, in which £1 per week had been allowed, marked "materially less would be given on out-relief." The Committee obediently, on the advice of its officer, reduced the "determination" to 7*s*. 6*d*. The applicant appealed. The Review and Special Cases Sub-Committee, not realising for the moment the previous history of the case, did the little arithmetic calculations of the total family earnings, etc., etc., and decided that £1 was the appropriate determination. On its being pointed out that the Ministry had already once put its foot down on this sum, the Committee compromised and allowed poor paterfamilias, living with his younger children, on the earnings of the elder children, 14*s*. instead of the 20*s*. which is considered the correct amount. Ministerial interference has, therefore, not always proved a heaven-sent blessing.

May I say, as a harassed member of a P.A.C., how glad I am that at last the purely fictitious distinction between "transitionals" and "able-bodied applicants for relief," is to be swept away; but that, in my view, all the small extensions of the period of benefit cannot compare in importance with the urgent need of *a higher weekly rate of benefit*, to the obtaining of which we ought, while the present system lasts, to devote all our energies?

6 Phené Street, S.W.3. L. L'ESTRANGE MALONE

[The Area Review and Special Cases Sub-Committee referred to by Mrs. Malone is, like the district sub-committee which makes the original decision, a subordinate organ of the Public Assistance Committee of the L.C.C. The applicant, therefore, has not a right of appeal from the P.A. authority, but only from one sub-committee of it to another. The Appeal Tribunal under the Bill consists of a chairman appointed by the Minister of Labour and two members, one representing the Unemployment Assistance Board, and the other representing work-people. This on the face of it is a more independent body. Whether it will prove satisfactory in practice we do not pretend to know.—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

Miscellany

WALTER ELLIOT

FIVE years ago, two unofficial starters—the firm was called "Janitor"—brought the feet of half a dozen young men to toe the line for the Grand (Political) National, and published the betting odds. There were the two Under-Secretaries, Ormsby-Gore and Walter Elliot, the two Percy brothers, the two Commanders, Hilton Young and Kenworthy, who divided chapters between them; Oswald Mosley and John Buchan who got a chapter apiece; and there were dark horses and outsiders, Duff Cooper, Oliver Stanley, Bob Boothby, Euan Wallace, Ned Grigg, Harold Macmillan, with Anthony Eden nowhere on the field. That was in 1928. What are the odds now?

Tom Mosley has come round full circle to Sandhurst and Fascism. John Buchan can write fine speeches, but cannot deliver them. Harold Macmillan painfully goes on begetting a progeny of memoranda in secret. Lord Eustace Percy's superiority still eclipses his real ability. Anthony Eden has slipped to the front because his diplomatic manners surpass the diplomatic morals of his Chief. Hilton Young, Ormsby-Gore, and Walter Elliot have reached the Cabinet with Oliver Stanley and Duff Cooper a few lengths behind. In the Cabinet and in the country Walter Elliot is leading easily.

Who and what is Walter Elliot? The son of a Lanarkshire cattle auctioneer, trained in Glasgow University to be a doctor, served as a surgeon in the Great War, entered Parliament fifteen years ago, became Under-Secretary of State for Scotland, Financial Secretary to the Treasury, and to-day Minister of Agriculture and Fisheries. He is a Doctor of Science and he has private means.

This tells us something, but not much. Elliot is not cast in the mould of the conventional politician. He is a Scot, but he is not a lawyer nor a merchant; he does not speak their faded dialect. He is a scientist and his idiom is new in Parliament and politics. He mints his own currency and stamps every coin with his own image. He is a Conservative, but there is nothing old or stale or slow or safe about him. He is fresh every morning.

It is not true to say that every English statesman has to maintain his popularity by pretending to be rude, ignorant, sentimental, superstitious and stupid. Cabinet Ministers are of all sorts and conditions, from the superlatively clever to the superlatively dull, and they are kept together, Morley said, by a dough of mediocrity. Elliot is on the side of the clever. That would be a drawback only if he had to succeed Lloyd George. Under a National Government it is a positive and immense asset. He has vitality, volubility and vision. His talk, like Browning's, is "copious, emphatic, brisk." But he does not impart information and bore you like Amery, or improve you like Ormsby-Gore or Eustace Percy. He has too much humanity to be a pedagogue or a pedant. It keeps bubbling through. The effect of his conversation is like that of changing a pound note before a machine on the Underground. A button is pressed and out come tumbling silver and copper coin in confusion. You gather them up in faith and hope they add up all right.

In 1927 he published a book called *Toryism and the Twentieth Century*. It was not a best seller, and it is now a collector's item which will grow in value. It is a biological tract disguised as a political manifesto. It is neither science nor history, but the work of a glancing mind interested in filming the centuries and putting vivid captions on them. For the foundations of Tory belief Mr. Baldwin goes back to Disraeli, rarely to Burke, never to Hooker. Elliot, as a Scot and a scientist,

goes back to Aristotle and brings us down in seven-leagued boots to the Quantum Theory. This theory is not essential to the understanding of the present Pig and Cow policy, and Elliot has hard words for mathematicians and rationalists. Whether mathematics will take its revenge presently and upset his marketing policy remains to be seen. The working out of the bacon arithmetic has already gone expensively astray. The hour and the man met when Elliot went to Whitehall Place and found the farmers in despair. Where the feeble Guinnesses and Gilmours had trembled on the brink Elliot plunged. He can understand a problem and he can expound a policy in its imperial and cosmic significance. Many Ministers fight shy of reforms not because they do not believe in them, but because they have neither the guts nor the wits to defend them on the floor of the House. Lord Milner used to attribute Lloyd George's supremacy to his "incomparable drive." Elliot has this drive, a quality rare among Tories. Like Lloyd George, he meets opposition swiftly and disarms it with the utmost cordiality. Like him he can use the expert; he has found his Morant. For the moment he is sporting the colours of the Producer. Will he change them when the Consumer bears down upon him foaming at the mouth? Is he just intellectually rash? Will he go not only the whole hog but the whole farmyard? Does his pliant wit mask an iron conviction? Besides being a scientist and a politician has he, like his leader, a spiritual home in some last ditch for the defence of which he will lay down even office—for a Scotsman the great sacrifice? The answer is still doubtful, and this doubt is all that stands between him and the winning post.

CHILDLESS

CALL to the swan and bid him bring
A blessing from his plumy thigh
For one that tires of whispering
To heaven, as I.

Let that fierce eye and urgent breast
Disparage all my tumbled shape
Beneath the imperious webs oppress:
From throat to nape.

Slide the long neck and hissing head,
Harry my bosom in his bill,
Awaking all that now is dead
To do his will.

L. A. G. STRONG

A NEW DANCER

AT the Westminster Theatre a dancer is to be seen who is an artist: Ernst Heimrath. He is the most imaginative dancer among those not famous here I have seen; the most inventive in gesture, the most smoothly perfect in rhythmic transition from one symbolic attitude to another. As I watched him I wished that he was performing before an audience of artists, so remarkable a series of significant instants were smoothly unrolled before my eyes. Again and again I felt inclined to cry, "Stop, stop, I must gaze at that"—and yet, as is always the case with admirable dancing, it was movement that was the source of one's delight.

Ernst Heimrath, besides possessing a supple and graceful body, has a remarkably expressive face which reflects emotions in, as it were, a trance; a trance induced by music and rhythm. This is so with every dancer of genius. The expressiveness both of limbs and face should never be directly dramatic, but subdued to the dream of movement in which he, or she, lives for the moment. Ernst Heimrath can also do the most amazing things with his hands. We have seen lately in the ballet a great many gestures which arrest us by their abrupt incomprehensibility; many poses which are gymnastic rather than rhythmic. What I noticed in his case was that even the most apparently arbitrary of his gestures had some vital, unanalysable connection with intelligible emotion, and that each of his dances, with the exception of his "Bear"—a delicious piece of animal mimicry—was a lyric in movement with a beginning, a rise and a close.

He dances alone before a curtain, and each dance is conceived as a whole. From the first movement to the last one has that restful feeling of complete confidence which the great actor or orator inspires: that all will be well, that what will come next will be right. This, as those who have watched themselves know, is a necessary condition of aesthetic receptivity. On Monday he dances six dances, each about three or four minutes in length: *The Prophet*, *The Cradle Song*, *Carnival*, *Death*, *The Three Ages of Man*, *The Story-Teller*. His repertory consists of twenty-four dances. *Carnival* struck me as more commonplace than the others. In *The Cradle Song* (though it was a delicate thing) the sex of the dancer lessened for me its emotional effect. *Death*, as a dance, was suavely macabre: the curtain was black, the dancer's body black. His large pale hands and white somnambulist's face at moments seemed the only objects on the stage. His movements were sinister and soothing; the development of the dance inexorable and calm. In *The Three Ages of Man*, when our curtain went up, the dancer was lying curled against his background curtain, his knees drawn up, like those of a baby in the womb. How small and crumpled a thing this rather tall man looked! Slow, urgent shivers of life shook and uncurled him; head-first he pushed into the world. Tottering and bewildered, happy, he took his first steps in it—then they seemed directed to some more purposeful wonder and pleasure. Then came furious effort: digging, digging, digging; a hank of hair flopped forwards and backwards . . . "in the sweat of thy brow . . ." till—gradually, suddenly (only in this contradictory way can I suggest the fineness of this transition), Man with a mild astonishment found he could not *work*: he must stop—and yet he cannot stop. He must; he can't; at last he lies down. Pain comes before surrender. After resignation there is a brief, pathetic peace. To watch this dance is like watching the life and death of an insect—of a may-fly, that dances the hay between dawn and dusk. One feels no poignant tragedy, only—that that is *that*.

I have attempted to describe the progress of this dance in the hope of explaining what I meant when I said that Ernst Heimrath dances are lyrical and complete. A still more astonishing translation of the impalpable into visible movement was his *The Story-Teller*. How can a human being by dancing convey the playful, delicate charm of the story-teller's art? You may well ask. Go and see Ernst Heimrath. I can only say that at the end of this subtle performance I felt I had apprehended more clearly the nature of the perfect story, with its surprises and digressions, its cunning delays and detachment.

And all this pleasure came to me incidentally and by the way, for I had gone to the Westminster Theatre only to see again Miss Gilian Scaife in *The Lady from Alfaqueque*. I saw her in this charming kindly comedy some years ago at the Court Theatre. Serafin and Alvarez Quintiro, a few of whose many plays Mr. and Mrs. Granville Barker have translated, are specially remarkable in one respect: they are dramatists who love their fellowmen. They do not write like most clever playwrights to expose or curse or teach mankind; they accept and like human nature and are quite clear about what is good and what is not. Alas, although Miss Scaife understood perfectly her part and interpreted it with her old skill, this cast did not support her. The Spanish convention is to give actors parts to fill in. The indications of what is required of them are beautifully clear, but not emphatic enough to be actor-proof in England. They call for the actor's collaboration. Mr. David Horne as the amiable husband of the sweet, enchanting goose from Alfaqueque was negatively impeccable, and he was the best of the cast, but he might have read much more into his part.

DESMOND MACCARTHY

PLAYS AND PICTURES

More About the Brontës

The conquest of the West End by the Brontë sisters has been one of the major marvels of the theatrical year. They are now consolidating their popularity at the Embassy, in a compendious chronicle-play by John Davison which, I understand, was actually accepted by Sir Barry Jackson for production at Birmingham before any of its rivals. Mr. Davison, besides having a remarkable gift for natural, expressive dialogue, is clearly determined to keep Charlotte as his pivotal figure—a matter of elementary justice when his title is uncompromisingly *The Brontës of Haworth Parsonage*. It is Charlotte whose dynamic will-power, whether allied or not with genius, controls the destinies of the strange household, and it is her conflicts, first with a cramping environment, then with Emily's cold fury of aloofness, and finally with her bigoted old father, that are intended to provide the dramatic high-lights. Unfortunately, Emily and Branwell are far too picturesque and expressive to allow Charlotte sufficient importance to enable her to carry on the play after they have gone. In the Birmingham presentation, Miss Vivienne Bennett, aided by careful production, almost succeeded in bringing it off. But at the Embassy, Miss Catherine Lacey has no chance, and the last scenes are anticlimax. Miss Barbara Couper, an actress whose capabilities are surely due for fuller recognition before long, is impressive and convincing as Emily, and Mr. van Gyseghem plays Branwell with intelligence if a little too much refinement.

"Afterwards"

Rather a sinister title this to appear on the boards outside the Whitehall Theatre. Mr. Walter Hackett has weighted his new plot with seriousness: but only for two minutes, and that is not enough to sink the whole concern. The plot sprawls as usual and gives the play a delightful sense of fulness and the audience a delightful knowledge that they are getting value for money. This plot-sprawling is all part of the game, for it is his extras, his makeweights, that are most enjoyable. He is very generous with them, particularly with Miss Marion Lorne, the best of all. She has the casualness and absent-mindedness of an afterthought never quite sure why she is there, but, being there, ready to oblige at anything. Mr. Gordon Harker, less casual, is no less obliging; and Mr. Ronald Squire seems to have walked into this Hackett play from somewhere quite different, which is just the right air for someone who talks about the astral plane and lights on his reward by accident.

"Murder"

Walter Hasenclever's play at the Gate is an ambitious but rather incompetent affair. It concerns a man who murders his wife in spirit and is wrongly accused of murdering someone else in fact. He allows himself to be condemned for the imaginary crime, but is released on the confession of the real murderer. There is power and restraint in the drawing of the central character and the author has avoided the most obvious pitfalls of melodrama, but the scheme of satire which he has worked out on the facts misses fire, developing as it does into heavy argument punctured by old-fashioned fun at the expense of psycho-analysis and legal administration. The treatment might be effective with more vital material, but here it is merely arty.

"Henry VIII"

With his celluloid honours thick upon him, the Laughton Henry VIII now struts in the flesh at Sadler's Wells, seeking whatever chances of distinction lie in the Fletcher-Shakespeare pageant. Actually they are not many, even in the full version of the piece. The part seems to present little of the man save his capricious omnipotence, and in the acting version, with its telescoping of the final scenes, he is even cheated of his central importance. Mr. Laughton himself has clearly not forgotten the demands of his film audience, and seizes his opportunities for playing the comic ogre wherever possible. He accepts without attempting to reconcile the discrepancies of character for which presumably the double authorship is responsible, and leaves us to make what we will of them—which may be good literary criticism, but is less than first-rate acting. The compensation is Miss Robson's Katherine—a beautifully balanced performance, full of dignity and the kind of pathos which hovers on the edge of tragedy, without a hint of spurious forcing of the lines. Mr. Robert Farquharson lacks robustness as Wolsey. It is a showy, straightforward part, and he obviously enjoys the melodrama of it, but he does not succeed in conveying the full pride of power in the early scenes, so that much of the strength of the scene with Cromwell is lost. Miss Athene Seyler brilliantly demonstrates her flair for making leaden lines flash and sparkle as the Old Woman.

Easy, Kindly Katherine

King Henry, as Mr. Clifford Bax has drawn him in *The Rose Without a Thorn*, and as Mr. Vosper plays him at the Duke of York's, is nearer to renascence Henry than the bluff monarch of popular legend. It is a good portrait, if without that body which Henry had both in his vile moods and his nobler; and Mr. Vosper, who acts with subtlety, pathos and imaginative intelligence, tends to make him an aesthete rather than an artist, a curio rather than a connoisseur. This revival is notable for Miss Joan Maude's Katherine. Her performance shows study and thought: the light, over-friendly, over experimenting girl of the first act grows, with natural beauty, into the generous, warm-hearted girl of the second; and in the last Miss Maude puts on dignity and assurance with a rare and poignant grace. Whatever one thinks of the historical Katherine Howard, one knows this: that she was a creature apart in that hasty, dangerous court, and came to her fate by trusting unworthy people. This Miss Maude conveys with skill and beauty. When her world breaks she accepts her doom with an uncomplaining sweetness, an inward loveliness which convinces us—as we should be convinced—that her follies have sprung from kindness not from malice. I did not care for Mr. William Fox's Culpeper; he was too dry and lacked spontaneity; but all the other parts, especially Mr. Speaight's Lassells, Mr. Alistair Sims' Audley, Miss Harvey's Morton, Miss Leggatt's Tilney, and Miss Mabel Constanduros's Anne of Cleves, were extraordinarily well done.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, November 17th—
- Reichstag Trial Meeting. Speeches by Dimitrova, Leo Gallacher, S. Detcheff, Max Salvadori, Ellen Wilkinson and others, Kingsway Hall, 7.30.
- "Hay Fever," Shaftesbury Theatre.
- B.B.C. Chamber Concert, Broadcasting House, 8.30.

SATURDAY, November 18th—
- Robert Mayer Children's Concert, Central Hall, Westminster, 11.
- "Spione am Werk," Cinema House Theatre.
- Huberman, Queen's Hall, 3.
- Orloff Chopin Recital, Wigmore Hall, 3.

SUNDAY, November 19th—
- J. A. Hobson on "Liberty and Equality," Conway Hall, 11.
- Film Society, Tivoli, 2.30.
- London Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham, Queen's Hall, 3.15, and on November 23rd, at 8.15.

MONDAY, November 20th—
- Discussion on "Tithes" between A. G. Mobbs (for the tithe-payer) and George Middleton (for the Governors of Queen Anne's Bounty), B.B.C., 8.30.

TUESDAY, November 21st—
- Vera Brittain on "How War Affects Women," Friends House, Euston Road, 1.20.
- Debate "That Science Discredits the Idea of God." *Affirmative:* Chapman Cohen. *Negative:* Arnold Lunn. Conway Hall, 7.
- Frederic Towndrow on "The New Architecture of Austria, Germany and France," Morley College, 8.
- Myra Hess, Irene Scharrer, Harold Samuel and the London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Sir Hamilton Harty, Queen's Hall, 8.15.
- "Cabbages and Kings," Ambassadors Theatre.

WEDNESDAY, November 22nd—
- G. P. Gooch on "The Unity of Civilisation," Conway Hall, 7.30.

THURSDAY, November 23rd—
- Bernard Shaw on "The Politics of Unpolitical Animals," Kingsway Hall, 8.30.
- "Acropolis," Lyric Theatre.

LOW LIMITED EDITION

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Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

As many readers have written to point out, I made a proper fool of myself last week by publishing *A Dinner*, which was sent me in good faith by a lady who mistook a piece of school dictation for an original composition. On receiving my letter of enthusiastic appreciation with a request for further specimens of her work, Miss Jacqueline entered into the deception. I am naturally bitterly disappointed that I have not discovered a young Jane Austen, but console myself with the reflection that I instantly spotted the literary merit of Virginia Woolf, for *A Dinner* is condensed, without any verbal changes, from *A Room of One's Own*. If any fiendish little girl wishes really to destroy my self-esteem she must induce me to refuse to print an unrecognised passage out of *Lady Into Fox*, a practical joke which could probably be done by someone who set about it in the right way. But it is so easy to have me on toast that it is hardly worth the trouble.

* * *

A little series of books called *Great Occasions* has recently begun its appearance, so that persons who are of an envious disposition can torment themselves with wishing they were Nelson at Trafalgar with three hours more to live; Napoleon at the Bridge of Lodi, King John signing Magna Charta, or Trotsky at Brest-Litovsk. For those of a more self-complacent turn of mind the series has a more intellectual appeal; it is food for thought rather than for day-dreams. But a perfect subject for this series would be Darwin's embarkation on *The Beagle*. It is impossible to take up *Charles Darwin's Diary of the Voyage of H.M.S. Beagle*, edited from the MS. by Nora Barlow (Cambridge University Press, 21s.), without envy filling the heart to the exclusion of all other emotions. We are here given the actual journal, most admirably edited by his granddaughter, of the voyage which Darwin described as " by far the most important event in my life and has determined my whole career." The voyage was the greatest education that a naturalist and a philosopher could have; it altered everything, and its far-reaching effect was symbolically summed up on Darwin's return " by a remark made by my father, who was the most acute observer I ever saw, of a sceptical disposition, and far from being a believer in phrenology; for on first seeing me after the voyage, he turned round to my sisters and exclaimed: ' Why, the shape of his head is quite altered.' " Is it possible to read that without envy? Could any triumph, chosen at any moment, from the life of any of the greatest men in history, offer such a subject for envy as the kind of alteration of the head and everything inside it that Darwin suffered? Whether, in fact, the great domed forehead first began bulging up like a balloon over the honest Darwin eyes during the years 1831 to 1836 is of no consequence compared with what went on inside. The changes are very gradual not only because of the natural slowness and caution of Darwin's mind, but because he was perpetually in the company of a man for whom he had the greatest respect, who was a fervent believer in the literal accuracy of the Book of Genesis.

* * *

Captain FitzRoy, a nephew of Castlereagh's, was a very remarkable character indeed, and only twenty-six when he was sent out on his great survey and given almost a free hand to carry it out. Darwin describes him as violent-tempered, passionate and proud, and only Darwin's extremely gentle disposition enabled him to share Captain FitzRoy's cabin, and to have meals with him for five years. Forty years afterwards Darwin gave the following instance of a quarrel with FitzRoy:

> early in the voyage at Bahia he defended and praised slavery which I abominated and told me he had just visited a great slave-owner, who had called up many of his slaves and asked them whether they were happy, and whether they wished to be free, and all answered " No." I then asked him, perhaps with a sneer, whether he thought the answer of slaves in the presence of their master was worth anything? This made him excessively angry and he said that as I doubted his word we could not live any longer together. I thought that I should have been compelled to leave the ship. . . . But after a few hours FitzRoy showed his usual magnanimity by sending an officer to me with an apology.

However, for most of the time the two young men lived on terms of warm, intimate friendship. But the growth of Darwin's mind was held back by FitzRoy. A vast mass of facts were observed and were stored up, but not until he came home and separated from FitzRoy did he begin to set down his deductions.

* * *

There is, however, an enormous difference between the state of mind revealed in the following passage (here published for the first time) written three weeks after he left England and that in which he reflects on the fauna of Australasia. After examining a trawl full of Atlantic plankton, he reflects:

> Many of these creatures, so low in the scale of nature, are most exquisite in their forms and rich colours. It creates a feeling of wonder that so much beauty should be apparently created for such little purpose. Again did I admire the rapid course of the setting sun. It did not at first occur to me that it was owing to the change of latitude.

Four years afterwards he wrote:

> A little time before this I had been lying on a sunny bank and was reflecting on the strange character of the animals of this country as compared to the rest of the World. An unbeliever in everything beyond his own reason might exclaim, " Surely two distinct creators must have been at work; their object, however, has been the same, and certainly the end in each case is complete." Whilst thus thinking, I observed the conical pitfall of a Lion-Ant: a fly fell in and immediately disappeared; then came a large but unwary ant. His struggles to escape being very violent, the little jets of sand described by Kirby were promptly directed against him. Without doubt the predaceous larva belongs to the same genus but to a different species from the European kind. Now what would the *dis*believer say to this? Would any two workmen ever hit on so beautiful, so simple, and yet so artificial a contrivance? It cannot be thought so. The one hand has surely worked throughout the universe. A geologist perhaps would suggest that the periods of creation have been distinct and remote the one from the other: that the Creator rested in his labor.

In the first edition of the *Voyage of the Beagle* Darwin cut out the geologist's suggestion and in the second edition the whole reflection has gone. As Mrs. Barlow says: " By 1845 the Lion-Ant was able to take its place in an evolutionary framework."

* * *

A third of the diary as it was written was omitted from the first edition, which was, however, made considerably larger than the original by the addition of a mass of scientific notes. The omitted portions are often the most charming of Darwin's observations and throw a light on his lovable character; thus it was very typical of Darwin to write of St. George's Sound:

> The second grand advantage is the good disposition of the Aboriginal blacks; it is not easy to imagine a more truly good-natured and good-humoured expression than their faces show. . . . Their faces are very ugly, the beard is curly and not at all deficient, the skin of the whole body is very hairy and their persons most abominably filthy. Although true savages, it is impossible not to feel an inclination to like such quiet good-natured men.

Perhaps the most charming of these passages omitted from the published version is the following delightful piece of natural history, an observation on the ladies of Lima:

> There are two things in Lima which all travellers have discussed: the ladies' " tapadas " and a fruit called cholimoya. To my mind the former is as beautiful as the latter is delicious. The close elastic gown fits the figure closely and obliges the ladies to walk with small steps, which they do very elegantly and display very white silk stockings and very pretty feet. They wear a black silk veil which is fixed round the waist behind, is brought over the head and held by the hands before the face, allowing only one eye to remain uncovered. But then, that one eye is so black and brilliant and has such powers of motion and expression, that its effect is very powerful. Altogether the ladies are so metamorphosed, that I at first felt as much surprised as if I had been introduced amongst a number of nice round mermaids or any other such beautiful animal. And certainly they are better worth looking at than all the churches and buildings in Lima.

Nice round mermaids or other such beautiful animal: who would have guessed Darwin if it had been sent to him in a piece of dictation?

DAVID GARNETT

NEW NOVELS

The Augs. By G. B. STERN. *Heinemann.* 7s. 6d.
These I Have Loved. By S. P. B. MAIS. *Putnam.* 7s. 6d.
Papa and Mama. By MARY BREARLEY. *Methuen.* 7s. 6d.
The Sea Witch. By ALEXANDER LAING. *Thornton Butterworth.* 8s. 6d.
The Bird of Dawning. By JOHN MASEFIELD. *Heinemann.* 7s. 6d.

Miss Stern describes her book as "an exaggeration." In other words, it is a travesty rather than a fantasy, and moves half way between the heights of poetry, symbolism or satire, and the lowlands of realistic story-telling. The path it chooses is both difficult and precarious; the reader can never quite make up his mind whether *The Augs* is intended as a slightly farcical comedy of suburban manners or as a serious, though unenvenomed, essay on the theme of modern class-hatred. Perhaps what the authoress had in view was a "sotie," such a piece of solemn, semi-poetic fooling as André Gide produced in *Les Caves du Vatican*; but, alas, whatever her intentions, Miss Stern's artistry fails to co-ordinate the extremely heterogeneous odds and ends of which her narrative is made up, and *The Augs* remains a comedy that includes elements of tragedy and a satire that often descends to the sentimental.

The comic aspect of the story is the most obvious. It is at once comic and pathetic that these "really nice people," who live in a neat suburban road on the fringes of a flourishing seaside resort, should hate with a deadly hatred that colours their whole existence the trippers, the vulgar, cheerful, accordion-playing, orange-peel-throwing interlopers who arrive during August, and whom the children of the family have learned to call "the Augs." So far, so good; one imagines that in Miss Rose Macaulay's vein the tragi-comedy of social misunderstanding and daily friction might have formed the subject-matter of an amusing and light-hearted novel. Miss Stern, however, reinforces the detestation felt by the entire Leigh family for the huge oblivious crowds of urban holiday-makers by adding to their snobbish dislike a darker, more tragic and, I cannot help thinking, inappropriate and unjustifiable train of memories. It was while playing truant with a party of Augs that little Hugh Leigh had reached a watery grave. Somehow, one is inclined to suspect that little Hugh has been dragged in by Miss Stern, rather at the last moment, to lend gravity to an otherwise essentially farcical situation. As disconcerting, in the midst of chapters given up to mild family-magazine fun at the expense of the poor Augs and their curious standards of thought and behaviour, is the explosion of a bloodthirsty and deliberate crime, the savage murder of a young male Aug by the local dentist, a stalwart of the Leigh faction, who had at one time had an unsuccessful love-affair with a young and captivating female of the same species. Incidentally, the murdered man had robbed Bernie Leigh—not the dentist, who personally had nothing against him—of a girl that retired soldier hoped to marry. Bernie, with his spaniels and his soliloquies, his damaged lung, his stiff upper-lip and his tooth-brush moustache, is a cruelly drawn and unmistakably lifelike figure.

Though it affords brief snatches of amusement, *The Augs* is neither a very remarkable nor a consistently entertaining book; and it is a relief to find oneself in charge of a novelist whose intentions are as straightforward as the story he has elected to tell. From the dust-cover, I learn that the hero of *These I Have Loved* "has points of similarity with his creator," Mr. S. P. B. Mais, but that, with Hugh Marley's arrival at Fleet Street, the resemblance "probably ends," and that Mr. Mais wishes it to be known that his maiden aunts never thrashed him, and that his mother had nothing in common with the exceedingly troublesome, perpetually nagging personage here represented. That his story has, nevertheless, a solid and definite autobiographical groundwork seems fairly plain, if only because the places and characters described tend to lose distinction as they approach the present day. Mr. Mais's account of his protagonist's childhood, of his father, a poverty-stricken clergyman, obliged to eke out his wretched stipend by selling old clothes and fragments of discarded household stuff to the village poacher and huckster, makes a simple and effective introduction. The boy and his parents are equally real; but it is a pity that Mr. Mais has not corrected his typescript with a more meticulous and merciless eye. Several odd slips have managed to escape him; for instance, on page 34, in one of his best chapters, where he is explaining how Hugh and his father almost lost their lives during the exploration of a cavern, we read that Mr. Marley "led the way through another passage so narrow that even Hugh had to wriggle and squeeze to get through"; while exactly opposite, on the next page, the same sentence reappears with the addition of only three words. Similarly, on pages 269 and 286, two different characters, a man and a woman, record their appreciation of Hugh's father in barely distinguished versions of the same sentence. Such oversights may not be very damning, but they spoil the effect of the author's workmanlike prose.

Hugh Marley grows less interesting as he attains to manhood; partly, no doubt, because the recollections of youth are often more vivid than those of maturity and middle age; partly because Hugh himself, compared with the men and women among whom his early years were spent, fails to develop a very distinctive personality. After the memorable portraits of his father and mother, of his sadistic aunts and his tippling good-natured uncle, the characters introduced at a later stage—Gertie, Winnie and Lily, with whom he solaces himself before marriage under the shadow of various haystacks or on the towing-path at Oxford; Mary, his first wife, and Joan, "the simple mannequin with the honey-coloured hair," who eventually makes him as happy as any modern husband, or the hero of any modern novel, need hope to be—are pallid and insubstantial wraiths. The two ends of the novels are unevenly balanced; but, whereas *These I Have Loved* begins impressively and slackens speed as its conclusion draws near, *Papa and Mama*, which begins with a truly terrific picture of Victorian family life—a set-piece, the disinheriting of the eldest son, a scapegrace only fit for exportation to the farthest outposts of Empire—keeps a firm—indeed an almost ghoulish—hold upon the reader's interest and sympathy until the very last page. The Rawsons were immensely rich, but since their wealth was derived from the manufacture of woollen goods they had no pretensions to aristocracy or elegance. Their pursuits were those of prosperous landowners, but the smoke of a neighbouring factory town blackened the tall trees of the park and gave their wide demesne a faintly unreal, disagreeably sallow and soot-specked air. If Miss Brearley's narrative makes far better reading than the average ruck of modern novels, it is because she has reproduced with such success the atmosphere surrounding these strange, lonely, self-conscious, socially unassimilated plutocrats, and the vast, cheerless, Victorian-Gothic house, full of memories of Mamma and dear Papa, in which the two younger brothers and their unmarried sister live. They are prisoners, half resentful and half complacent, inside the magic circle of family feeling.

Papa and Mama has all the frightful fascination of a Victorian cameo-brooch, a mourning ring which contains a filagree tress of faded hair, set with minute seed pearls, or the elaborate and sinister-looking collection of jet bracelets and chains that may come to light on the death of an octogenarian female relative. One closes the book, feeling that one has been shut up, has fallen asleep and experienced a long and disturbing dream in a cupboard hung with rustling silk dresses, where the smell of costly, indestructible fabrics mixes with the scent of moth-balls, mice-nests and lavender-bags. It is not unpleasant, then, to breathe the more uncomplicated tarry and salty odours which are exhaled by *The Sea Witch* and *The Bird of Dawning*, both stories that have to do with sailing ships, the ship in each story being one of those magnificent, superbly designed, nowadays almost forgotten tea-clippers, whose feats of endurance—for it is difficult to speak of them as of inanimate things—were the pride of English and American sea-ports. *The Sea Witch* is a rambling and discursive tale; unfortunately, the clipper—a real ship, by the way, with an authentic and glorious history of its own—is so much more interesting and convincing than most of its human occupants that the many pages devoted to the captain, and to the perplexed and painful love-affair of the captain's wife and her brother-in-law, prove an irritating distraction from the central theme. Mr. Laing writes admirably about the sea, but is apt to lurch and wobble when he crosses the gang-plank.

For *The Bird of Dawning* I must confess to a sincere, though somewhat unexpected, regard. *Odtaa* and *Sard Harker* I had previously found quite unreadable, and I approached Mr. Masefield's new book, less in the mood of a traveller setting out for strange lands than in that of a galley-slave, condemned to pull an oar, unassisted by favouring winds, across an expanse—probably a Sargasso Sea—of close on two hundred and ninety pages. In fact, the journey was a pleasure cruise. Mr. Masefield has taken a single episode, the sinking of one ship, the salvaging of another, and described it in great detail, in a prose that is none the worse for being as technical and unornamented as the language of an

official report. Like Defoe, he realises that, when we are reading of adventures, nothing is so important to us as an exact understanding of the material conditions against which the adventurers had to contend; we must be told just how many cases of biscuit and kegs of fresh water were hurled into the boats while the ship was rapidly going down, how they were afterwards doled out and just how far the survivors—one boat-load was lost with the sinking ship—had to sail before they could hope to reach an anchorage. In these details the author is at his best; but his prose is also capable of extremely moving and dramatic flights, as when he describes the hurry to get aboard and the terrible storm that blew up on the second day. A glimpse of gigantic, lazily pursuing sharks, who swam underneath to rub their backs along the keel, confirms one in a deep distaste for the unharvested ocean.

PETER QUENNELL

THE USE OF POETRY

The Use of Poetry and the Use of Criticism. By T. S. ELIOT. *Faber and Faber.* 7s. 6d.

The sub-title of this book, "Studies in the Relation of Criticism to Poetry in England," explains what it is about. There is an introductory chapter in which Mr. Eliot discusses the functions of criticism and the nature of poetry. This is followed by an essay on the Countess of Pembroke and her circle, in which the relation of poetry to criticism is inquired into, and Mr. Eliot maintains in this and in other essays that the importance of the criticism contemporary even to Elizabethan poetry is greater than we suppose, and that a very critical period need not be an uncreative period: in fact, that the criticism may precede, and to some extent create, the poetry. This sort of argument will be familiar to the reader of *The Sacred Wood*, but it is not maintained here with the same fervour as in the earlier book. There is also an interesting lecture on Wordsworth and Coleridge, in which Mr. Eliot discusses the relation of Wordsworth's philosophy to his poetry, and argues that Arnold and other critics have been overanxious to prove that his philosophy is irrelevant to the greatness of his poetry.

However, there is no very strong thread of argument running through these lectures: the last lecture, called "Conclusion," may even be described as highly inconclusive. A preceding essay on the Modern Mind is a collection of different points of view, of Maritain, Mr. I. A. Richards, the Abbé Brémond, and Rivière. The positions of all of these writers are considered, given fairly high marks, and then quite finally dismissed. Mr. Eliot ends the lecture with some negative reflections on our inability to appreciate more than a limited range of poetry. We must admire this. I suppose that Mr. Eliot's aim was to make his audience think, not to make up their minds for them. He certainly does succeed in making us all think.

Where one may wish that Mr. Eliot were a little more positive is in his attitude to political morality, and in his occasional references to religion. He explains on the first page of his first lecture "the present lectures will have no concern with politics." Yet frequent references to what I understand to be (in the widest sense) politics are made; indeed, if one discusses Trotsky's *Literature and Revolution*, and at the same time declares that one is not concerned with politics, it seems to me that one is striking a political attitude—an attitude of superiority. Mr. Eliot would perhaps feel less superior to those who are interested in politics if he saw that, in a time of partial revolution and partial chaos, a realistic interest in politics must imply an interest in morals. *The Revenger's Tragedy*, for example, is a play about politics and morals, at the point where they almost coincide.

In his references to religion Mr. Eliot is content always with innovations. We are told that Matthew Arnold is a "philistine in religion," and that "he was not a man of vast or exact scholarship, and he had neither walked in hell nor been rapt to heaven." I dare say that these judgments are just, but they are very serious judgments to make, because they are not only about a man's poetry, they are also about his life. Most of us would hesitate to assert definitely of anyone that he had not walked in hell, and one would certainly make no such assertions unless one were oneself religious and unless one had oneself walked through hell. Now I believe that Eliot is a true poet, and I believe that he has "walked through hell"; I think also that he is a writer of genuine humility, and often a writer of great frankness: there are plenty of examples of such writing in this book. Therefore it seems the more surprisingly inconsistent that he often gives the impression of being snobbish and superior. When he goes farther and rejects for the following reasons Arnold's famous definition "Poetry is at bottom a criticism of life," one begins to suspect that a process of distortion sometimes takes place in his mind. "At bottom," he says, "that is a great way down: the bottom is the bottom. At the bottom of life is what few ever see, and what those cannot bear to look at long. And it is not a 'criticism of life.'" So that in a few words he has twisted Arnold into meaning "at the bottom of life." If he had omitted the unfortunate "at bottom" the distortion would not have occurred. Arnold's phrase may not deserve its fame, but it is not nonsense. Surely one of the reasons for the psychological importance of poetry is that the most profound criticism of life, revealed to the most everyday people in moments of tension or crisis, is a vision that could best be expressed in poetry.

One of Mr. Eliot's gambits is this habit of making a loosely expressed phrase, even where its meaning is clear, seem meaningless. But what are we to think when he himself speaks thus of Arnold: "It is a pleasure, certainly, after associating with the riff-raff of the early part of the century, to be in the company of a man *qui sait se conduire*"? Who are the riff-raff? we ask in the manner that he himself has taught us. If they are just riff-raff who were the riff-raff of that time, the sentence is meaningless, because there must have been as many, if not more, riff-raff amongst Arnold's contemporaries. Were they Shelley, Keats and Byron? Or Blake? We are forced to assume that they were some of these, and if so, it seems that snobbishness could scarcely go farther in choosing the company which one is going to criticise.

The violent prejudices which stick out of this book are apparently the symptoms of an extreme self-consciousness. Eliot often makes generous judgments, as in his lecture on Coleridge. In a lecture on Shelley and Keats, however, he exhausts himself in trying to overcome his dislike for Shelley's poetry, and he cannot restrain his dislike of the man. "Shelley . . . was humourless, pedantic, self-centred, and sometimes almost a blackguard." Could this conceivably be true of the man who was the only man whom Byron really respected, and whose friendship was the major experience in the lives of such different people as Trelawney, Hogg, Hunt and Peacock? D. H. Lawrence was generous in his dislike of Shelley, and also of Goethe (which he shared with Mr. Eliot), but Mr. Eliot is not. "Of Goethe," he says, "perhaps it is truer to say that he dabbled in both philosophy and poetry and made no great success of either; his true role was that of the man of the world and sage—a la Rochefoucauld, a la Bruyere, a Vauvenargues." Nothing seems to annoy Mr. Eliot so much as the disturbing thought of someone not playing his "true role." He shares with Flaubert the dislike of anyone not staying in his pigeon-hole. No comment seems more suitable than Henry James's on Flaubert: "Why should he not have accepted the circumstance that M. de

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Lamartine also wrote as his nature impelled, and that M. Louis Enault embraced a convenient opportunity to go to the East? The East, if we listen to him, should have been closed to one of these gentlemen and literature forbidden to the other. Why does the inevitable perpetually infuriate him, and why does he inveterately resent the ephemeral?" STEPHEN SPENDER.

LIBERTY IN RUSSIA

Woman In Soviet Russia. By FANNINA W. HALLE. *Routledge.* 18*s.*

Ten Years In Soviet Moscow. By ALEXANDER WICKSTEED. *Lane.* 5*s.*

Nationalism in The Soviet Union. By HANS KOHN. *Routledge.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Russia. By PELHAM HORTON BOX, B.A., Ph.D. *Arrowsmith.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

Liberty does not strike most of us as one of the prominent characteristics of the Soviet regime. And yet the dictatorship of the proletariat has brought liberties, substantial and unhoped for, to many millions. Whatever may be said on the vexed questions of government and police and religion, it is undeniable that the doors have been opened to a freer life for women, for children and for the "national minorities" in the U.S.S.R. Those who want more evidence on the matter will find it in these books.

"I have no fear," said Gladstone in opposing women's suffrage some fifty years ago, "lest the woman should encroach upon the power of the man. The fear I have is lest we should invite her to trespass upon the delicacy, the refinement, the elevation of her own nature, which are the present sources of its power." Most countries have long since got beyond such nonsense; Russia, as Frau Halle shows, has got farther than any. Frau Halle is Russian born and bred, and she has made a wide and deep study of her subject. Her book is the fullest account in English that I know of the emancipation of the Russian woman. The high status which women, as she argues, enjoyed in ancient pagan days they lost with the coming of Byzantinism and Orthodox Christianity, and their subjection continued unbroken down to the time of Peter the Great. But Peter's reforms affected only the upper-class women. It was left for the Communists to free the wives and daughters of the workers and peasants, and to establish complete equality between the sexes in Russia—complete in principle, and in practice more nearly so than anywhere else. Though male pride and prejudice still exist, there are no male privileges in the Soviet Union; there are no boys' schools and girls' schools, or men's colleges and women's colleges, no posts reserved exclusively for men, no Trade Unions closed to women. There has been a vast influx of women into the factories and the offices; they are to be seen, indeed, in practically every occupation side by side with men, and receiving "equal pay for equal work." This flight from domesticity has, no doubt, been stimulated by the urgent need for labour in carrying out the Five Year Plan—just as the opposite movement is being decreed by Hitler in Germany in order to reduce the unemployed register. But to assimilate the sexes is in any case as much a principle of the Communists as it was of Plato.

The most drastic changes have been in the marriage laws, in the emancipation of woman from the tyranny of the husband (which was no mere figure of speech in pre-Soviet Russia) and the tyranny of the kitchen. This does not mean that the family is doomed, that home life is destroyed, nor even that the communal cooker has ousted the private stove. The relaxation of the old marriage laws undoubtedly led at first to an epidemic of license. But the worst of that has long passed, and it is a great mistake to suppose that the Soviet State or the Communist Party encourage promiscuity, or incite citizens to divorce. Of course, there are many unions unblessed by priest and unnoted by registrar, since these are not held disreputable in the U.S.S.R. And there is a high divorce rate (is not Frau Halle in error, by the way, in saying that it is, or was, higher still in the U.S.A.?); but this is not, except to certain schools of Christian thought, a proof of immorality. Taken as a whole, indeed, it seems as if the Russian Communists had laid the foundations of a sane and healthy system of sex relations. In one matter—the only one in which they attempt to interfere with "women's rights"—they can certainly be commended. If they have not eliminated, they have enormously reduced prostitution, and Frau Halle's chapter on this is of exceptional interest.

Mr. Wicksteed has a racy style and a caustic wit (with a slight tendency to facetiousness). His ten years' residence in Moscow make him contemptuous of the tourist who sets up as a pundit on the strength of a few weeks' acquaintance with Russia. He himself claims to be "the man in the street," and it is not an unfair claim, for he has lived and worked continuously among the people, and he has the merit, too, in forming his judgments, of remembering always that he is an "intellectual" and an Englishman. He writes of what he knows—food and drink and clothing; money and prices; work and play; the achievements and the blunders (for he is not afraid to criticise) of the Five Year Plan in industry and agriculture. His conclusion on the much-debated question of the standard of life in Russia is that it is low according to our notions, but has risen; for the moment it is probably stationary. Over the children he becomes enthusiastic. But in discussing freedom in the schools and institutes and universities, he justly observes that you can have too much of freedom, as of any other good thing; and he stresses the importance of the recent decree which has restored a large measure of discipline in place of the fantastic license that was allowed to pupils.

Patriotism, Mr. Wicksteed maintains, is a virtue or a vice that the Russian is innocent of. That may be, or may have been, true (many observers say they notice a change) of the inhabitants of Great Russia. But among the racial minorities, large and small, in the Soviet Union, there is unquestionably a keen sense of nationality, and this presented the Bolsheviks with a serious problem when they came into power. How they solved it is the main theme of Dr. Kohn's brilliant little book. The solution was not the russification of everybody and everything, which was the policy of the Tsarist regime, and was still advocated by a section of the Bolsheviks, whom Lenin attacked as "Pan-Russian Chauvinists." It was a federal system which, on a uniform basis of Socialism, should respect, and indeed encourage, local and national differences of culture and satisfy, within limits, the demand for autonomy. The Ukrainians, Georgians, Armenians and the rest of the separate Republics of the U.S.S.R. are "gleichgeschaltet" so far as their form of government is concerned (though theoretically they have the right to secede), and a number of the most important subjects are reserved, as in any federation, to the central State. But the freedom that is left them, and, above

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all, the use of their own language in the schools and in all public affairs, is not a trifle. There are some, doubtless, in Kharkov and Tiflis and Ashkhabad and Samarkand, who chafe at the power of Moscow. But with the vast majority it is the power of the Communist creed, inspiring not nationalism but super-nationalism, that tells.

To pot the history of Russia from the earliest times to the present day into less than a hundred and forty short pages is a Herculean task. Dr. Box has done his best with it, and he presents a very readable sketch from an undisguisedly Bolshevik point of view. But he necessarily omits many details of the first importance, and he often dogmatises where argument is required. Some of his judgments will not pass muster. In dealing with the confused struggle in the period of the Provincial Government, for instance, he says that " the Mensheviks trembled when they saw the workers preparing to assault the capitalist system. The Social Revolutionaries and the Mensheviks wished the peasants and the workers well so long as they did nothing, contented themselves with demanding reforms which the existing organisation of society prevented from ever becoming realities and, above all, refrained from laying dirty hands on the innermost shrine of the bourgeois State, its property relations." However right Lenin's policy was and however wrong the others', such a generalisation as this is not serious history. The book contains a useful bibliographical note. C. M. L.

BRIGHT WORDS

A Thatched Roof. By BEVERLEY NICHOLS. *Cape.* 7s. 6d.

A Thatched Roof is the latest book by Beverley Nichols. In time, it covers the first summer and the first winter in his new cottage, during which Mr. Nichols accumulates his furniture, meets the neighbours, installs electric light, and generally settles in.

The subject of the book is the dreams and fancies that its author weaves round all his possessions. The cottage is, in fact, a " make believe " cottage. For in it no article is inanimate. The ladies on his lampshades are " the loveliest ladies you have ever seen," and they smile at Mr. Nichols and beg him not to switch off the light at bedtime, for it seems they are longing to dance, with their deliciously pointed toes, round the house and out into the moonlight . . . and every time he does switch off the light " always, I feel like a murderer," he says. The seventeenth-century maps on the walls come alive, and silver waters seem to be glinting along the river beds. Then, in the greenhouse, Mr. Nichols switches on the light and behold ! a brilliant ballet is in progress among the flowers ; his cinerarias are wearing dresses of fantastic blue and flaming purples—his orchid is standing on " tip toe." Also in the woods around the cottage, " the snowdrops laughed all day long. Somebody has told them that life was difficult . . . whereas they found it bland and easy and delightful." When Mr. Nichols, who has planted beech nuts in a dark cupboard in the autumn, finally opens the cupboard door in April—" Twelve little beech trees got up and bowed." " Beech trees, with leaves so tiny that it hurt." Even the fireplaces in this kingdom have human feelings and can be embarrassed. " I would like to sit in an ingle nook all alone, and frown rather heavily, and ask myself what an ingle is, and why it always lives in a nook, and if it felt embarrassed and slightly peculiar when it left its nook."

Somewhere in this book Mr. Nichols remarks : " The boundary between vulgarity and romance, by the way, is of the very slightest —a very thin purple line, over which even the nicest of us may stray." To our mind Mr. Nichols never once crosses over from his particular side of the line.

When the actual human beings themselves step on to the page the author writes with an altogether colder and more prosaic pen. They are amusing caricatures though, and we find this part of the book easier to read.

Immediately the dog comes upon the scene Mr. Nichols once again grows tender, whimsical, fragrant, and violently enthusiastic. He says that, amongst other superior qualities " The dogs understand the subtleties of language so much more acutely than men. You can't fool them with bright words when your throat is dry and your heart is aching."

Perhaps there is something of the dog about us, for beneath the bright words in this book—what a burden of life undigested and undigestible there seems to us to be lying ! M. N.

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THE INADEQUACY OF EUGENICS

Nature and Nurture. By PROFESSOR LANCELOT HOGBEN. *Williams and Norgate.* 6s. 6d.

In this book, Professor Hogben has published his William Withering Memorial Lectures on " The Methods of Clinical Genetics," delivered at the University of Birmingham earlier in the year. The title of the book indicates better their scope than did the title of the lectures. Professor Hogben has examined, without regard for any political prejudice or mathematical impotence of the eugenist, exactly how far our current knowledge of medicine and of genetics may be legitimately applied to social procedure.

It cannot be for one moment maintained that he has written a book popular in appeal or easy to follow, at any rate in all its details. Much of it is for the scientist, but both its conclusions and its implications are of urgent moment to the serious sociologist, and therefore liable to be either ignored or misapplied by the politician and the administrator. The simian menace of the offspring of Hitlerism and an eugenic policy, itself the bastard progeny of ignorance and class-bias, masquerading as the legitimate scion of biology and idealism, may seem at the moment to be the concern only of the German people ; but who to-day is prepared to maintain the non-contagious nature of political plagues ? Professor Hogben's book, it may be hoped, will give pause to those who innocently seek by the sterilisation of individuals to discover an escape from the social disequilibrium of capitalist economics.

It is, however, to be feared that it will, at best, give pause but for a moment. One cannot escape the melancholy conclusion that it will be a failure, howbeit a glorious failure, in the achievement of one at any rate of its objects. The author's deft mathematical analysis of gene distribution and the probabilities of inheritance, no less than his incisive and sardonic commentaries on the inadequacy of many clinical and sociological investigations, will be incapable of converting the simple-minded swallowers of glib eugenist generalisations ; the very people most in need of Professor Hogben's brilliant corrective will be no more capable of benefiting by it than they are of understanding it.

In *Nature and Nurture*, we are shown, beyond all shadow of doubt, by many devices of biological, algebraic and epistemological technique, what we cannot possibly do at the present day, and that is, separate, in human society, the resultant in any individual of the distinct but interdependent forces of social environment and genetic constitution. Till we can do so, all "negative" eugenic proposals, save the most obvious and uncontroversial measures for delimiting the field of proved transmissible recessive pathogenic conditions, must be contested in the names both of science and of humanity.

In Professor Hogben's criticism of the way in which sane biometricians attempt to evaluate, by statistical technique, the relative numerical values to be assigned to extrinsic and intrinsic factors in the production of sub-normal, or sub-optimal, human beings, we may, perhaps, find some ray of hope. Certainly some of them, distinguished scientists and natural philosophers, are used to, and can appreciate the technique employed by Professor Hogben in his analysis. If *Nature and Nurture* can cause these, and those influenced by them, to pause and revalue some of their values, the author will have done something far more essential than the securing of the large circulation, so little to be expected, and so assuredly deserved by author and publisher of this authoritative and unanswerable contribution to some fundamental problems of human society.

A. L. BACHARACH

A. F. R. WOLLASTON

The Letters and Diaries of A. F. R. Wollaston. By MARY WOLLASTON. *Cambridge University Press.* 12s. 6d.

Wollaston was first of all an explorer. To those who knew him personally and shared his expeditions, this book is particularly revealing for its extracts from the detailed diary which every field naturalist must keep if he is to make the most of the powers of observation. Interspersed among his records of birds, which run through the whole book like a connecting thread along which adventures in a dozen countries are strung, are vignettes of all the incidents the traveller feels most vividly at the time of their happening and, if he is both far-seeing and energetic, writes down at once to recall more easily in the future. This record of the small things of every-day life throws a sidelight upon the unusualness of his career. One need only note him eating or drinking—and enjoying—rye bread and sour milk in Lapland and Sweden; green figs and dates in the Sudan; goat and bananas with rotten eggs at one hundred a rupee at Ruwenzori; tea made from water squeezed from moss in New Guinea; tea with salt, soda and rancid butter in Tibet.

Throughout his life his love for mountaineering and the physical heights, and the skill he gained at climbing both on rock and ice, more than anything else determined the direction of his travels. Rock-climbing in Cumberland and Skye led naturally to snow-climbing in the Alps. His training as a zoologist gave him opportunities of acclimatising himself in tropical lowlands, but his overmastering desire for heights made him a suitable explorer of mountain regions. We see him so engaged first in Central Africa and then in New Guinea. He had all the qualities required for success at his chosen craft, and his career as a mountain explorer ended naturally, with the passage of years, in the Mecca of all mountaineers, a share in the assault on Everest.

Things do not always go well in exploration as in other matters of moment, and I first came to know Wollaston at a time which must have been to him the most difficult period of his exploring career. The first New Guinea expedition was not too happy in its personnel, was unfortunate in its way of approach to the mountains at which it aimed, and was indifferently equipped. Many of its stores were remnants from an Antarctic expedition and not well designed to meet tropical needs. Having travelled out with the party to Colombo, I well remember how failure seemed to be foreshadowed by the splitting of the party into two contrasting cliques, whilst one characteristic outburst betrayed the fact that pickles were the outstanding item of a commissariat which in other respects was not too satisfactory. It is in circumstances such as these that character is tested, and the account of the second expedition, which is given more fully in the book, is sufficient to show, even if no other evidence was available, that at least one man came out the better for the test.

Throughout all his wanderings Wollaston's love for King's, his spiritual home, never faltered or diminished. Nevertheless, reading the earlier diaries one would have given long odds that he would go on exploring to the end. In all men's careers, however, hardy though they may be, age must play an increasing part in directing and controlling their activities. It says much for the impression that Wollaston made on those around him that the opportunity of returning to King's as tutor should have been given to him: it says more for his adaptability that he should have made a success of it. For perhaps the greatest success of his varied and successful life was when he abandoned the tent for rooms in his old college and took up the task of guiding the steps of future generations of "Kingsmen." Just twenty-four hours before the tragedy that ended his life, I had occasion to visit him in these rooms on a question which concerned the interest of the university and the college. A natural inquiry was how he liked so different a life. He said that he had found his new task a difficult one, but that he felt at last that he had mastered it and that the days to come would be worth as much or more than those that had passed. And so no doubt they would have been.

R. E. PRIESTLEY

HITLERISM ANALYSED

Germany Enters the Third Reich. By CALVIN B. HOOVER. *Macmillan.* 8s. 6d.

It happens but rarely that the same author is capable of depicting understandingly the problems of two great foreign nations, who have little in common but the fact that both have passed through a violent social upheaval. Professor Calvin B. Hoover has achieved this difficult feat. After having given us in *The Economic Life of Soviet Russia* the most detached scientific analysis of Russia's social system, he now presents us with *Germany Enters the Third Reich*.

The new book has many of the sober qualities of its predecessor: it differs from it in one important aspect. It is not a painstaking survey of the results of a great social upheaval; it is, in part at least, the story of an eye-witness watching a momentous break with its past of a great nation. The revolutionary changes of the Hitler regime have not been achieved by an insurgent mass rising from below. They were engineered by a government which reached power in a semi-legal fashion by a curious combination

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of intrigue, electioneering, terrorism and shifty law-abiding legalism. Professor Hoover shows quite clearly that there was no physical revolution facing the armed forces of a government fighting for power. An armed government used force and terror against the masses who could not fight." There was no immediate danger whatsoever from Communism at the moment when Nationalism came to power"; an assertion borne out by General Goering as a witness at the Reichstag's fire trial, stating that the position of Communism at that time was so desperate that "They had to do something (set the Reichstag on fire) in order to keep the thoroughly frightened sheep in line."

Professor Hoover describes in four shortish chapters the economic system of Germany (which had become pseudo-capitalist), the attitude of the German peoples to it (which had become thoroughly sceptical), the collapse of Marxian Socialism (which had become a mere fetish to the organised working class no longer interested in abstract theories), and the end of the Weimar Republic (which, however, did not begin with the fall of Dr. Brüning, but rather with his coming to power through anti-parliamentarian intrigues).

It is a marvellous performance for an outsider coming to live in a strange country to make such contacts within a very short time, as to enable him to unravel the network of personal intrigues as well as to understand the impersonal currents which ushered in the third Empire. He is surprisingly fair in appraising values, though he does not perhaps make sufficient allowance for the difficulties of a Republic, born from defeat, which was not allowed to organise its army on a democratic basis, which was over-burdened with debts, and humiliated during the first half of its existence. In a second edition, which ought to bring up the story from July, 1933, on, Professor Hoover might widen the historical chapters of his book. He might show the origin of the Hitler creed in Austria in the 'nineties of the last century, and its indebtedness to the Pan-German writers as well as to the Neo-Prussian Romanticists like Moeller Van der Bruck. The mention of these *desiderata* in no way detracts from the value of the book. There is an almost passionate rhythm hidden in its soberly written pages; for it was history which has been lived through. The future historians will have to use the chapters "National Socialism comes to Power" and "National Socialism in Action" as a basis for their inquiries.

In the chapters "Principles of National Socialism" and "Economic Aspects of National Socialism," Professor Hoover has tried to see the world with the eyes of the Nazis. He represents the movement as a nation-wide outbreak of German revivalism, which is striving in a kind of semi-religious frenzy for a "rebirth" of the German people and through it of the Nordic race. Hence its passionate sincerity and its utter disregard of law, as well as its callousness to human suffering. When the soul of the German nation is at stake, the sufferings of Jews, Liberals, Socialists and other contemptible Gentiles count for little. The movement stands for some sort of emotional, ill-defined, rather ascetic Socialism, it is permeated by Communistic instincts; it hates individualism, which, by preventing individuals from "sharing," atomises the nation. For this reason it will not suffer the schemes Industrialists and Feudalists entertained, when they put Hitler in power; though quite likely the leader may "temporise" here as well as in external affairs. "Events have demonstrated that Hitler takes his doctrines and his programme seriously." On the other hand, "Hitler has never hesitated to give almost any assurance to anyone whenever necessary in order to win a difficult position or to gain time." "Hitler has always claimed that the people who said he had promised this or that misunderstood him. It may be that this is so, for Hitler has hardly any equal in his skill in inducing people to deceive themselves." These quotations are from the concluding chapter "International Consequences."

Hitler is evidently treating the Foreign Offices of the world to that passionate but equivocal sincerity which has been so successful at home.

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SHORTER NOTICE

Dartmoor Prison. By A. J. RHODES. *Lane.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Rhodes is a journalist who has kept a professional eye on Dartmoor for some years. The sensational "mutiny" and trial of 1932 drew public attention to the prison and also provided Mr. Rhodes with a considerable body of material suitable for publication in book form. He gives us narrative and précis. There are no revelations. There is no penology. And yet the incidental details of the story combine to create a picture of convict life and group mentality which it is very instructive to compare with the rather different picture given in the earlier chapters of the book. For Mr. Rhodes was not content merely to retail his own professional material. He has followed the history of the prison back to its foundation in 1806. It was built to house the French prisoners of war who were languishing on the hulks at Plymouth. They were soon joined by Americans. Fortunately some of the prisoners —two in particular—wrote vivid accounts of their experiences, which are here passed on to us, epitomised by Mr. Rhodes. The prison took three years to build, covered thirty acres, and could house over 7,000 men. Did the Government think that the Napoleonic War would last for ever, or only that, when it ended, others would follow in unbroken succession? Mr. Rhodes does not help us. Any group of men, so placed that they develop a sense of unity, creates a society. In a prison the process is both isolated and speeded-up. It can be watched as in a laboratory experiment. The society created by the French prisoners was an elaborate structure of social classes. Convict society strikes one as almost, or entirely, classless. It is obvious that prisons developed strong elements of the "Public School Spirit" long before the Borstals adopted the House system of organisation. Mr. Rhodes is to be thanked for unearthing the material contained in these fascinating diaries, but he has not exhausted it.

About Motoring

SOME PREJUDICES

FROM now on most motorists will wage for six months a fierce spiritual struggle with the temptation to buy a new motor car, which they cannot afford and which they do not need. The majority of them will, of course, eventually surrender. I propose to offer some recommendations which may protect them from the major humiliations. They will learn from the new season's catalogues that a good many cars are to be offered with radio installations. There is something to be said in favour of a recess for storing a portable and detachable wireless receiver on board an expensive car. It may furnish solace in the evening for a solitary traveller, and divert him in the great dreariness of a provincial hotel. But there is absolutely nothing to be said in favour of mounting a costly radio set as part and parcel of the car's mechanism, so that it can only be operated on board the car. It is a sheer waste of £25 (or, more probably, £50). Moreover,

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such installations ought to be prohibited by law, as liable to distract the driver's attention. The National Institute of Industrial Psychology lays great stress on a driver's susceptibility to distraction in its tests of commercial chauffeurs, and it is common knowledge that sustained concentration becomes increasingly difficult as men grow older. Ergo, the prosperous individual who can afford a £1,000 car, plus a hundred guinea radio set for the home, plus a fifty guinea radio set for the Rolls, is precisely the person who should reduce distraction to the minimum at the wheel. We cannot eliminate distraction; but there is no excuse for gratuitous additions to the many distractions which complicate every drive, ranging from a charming woman on one's left to some oddity glimpsed on the pavement. These radio sets may possess genuine attractions for the sort of person who hates leaving the gramophone at home when he visits the summit of Snowdon. But in essence their introduction is probably a hybrid between sales enthusiasm on the part of radio manufacturers, and greed for additional advertisements in all who have publicity space to sell.

Secondly, motorists who live or travel abroad should, as a rule, eschew the purchase of a car emanating from a factory which numbers its models by the legion. On my desk lies a letter from a Government official in Nigeria. No British firm in this colony will any longer consider holding the agency for several famous British cars, simply and solely because they are manufactured in a bewildering variety of models. If a firm turns out three dozen different models, and changes those models every year, no overseas agent can afford to buy or house the mountains of spare parts essential to efficient service. Hence an overseas customer must wait months for renewals. Thus the intelligent dealers in such places prefer an American agency, limited to one or two models, capable of being serviced with a cheap and compact storeroom. British agencies, for which home dealers fight tooth and nail, are hawked round in many overseas markets, and eventually entrusted to small foreign firms of the pedlar type, who accept them only as sidelines, pocket such commissions as they can secure, and keep the customer waiting months for a spare valve.

Thirdly, many buyers would be wise to prefer magneto to coil ignition. The modern car is festooned with electrical gadgets, all operated by an accumulator. Our accumulators in most cases cause distinct worry in winter and towards the end of their second year, because they are normally overloaded in a British winter, when starting the engine stresses them to the limit, when the lamps are freely used, and the daylight mileage touches a minimum. An accumulator failure is not a serious business in populous centres, where a garage will always lend a customer spare cells, and a power station is available for a refresher charge on any idle day. But in remote rural areas and in overseas use these facilities may not exist. In such places the magneto (or dual ignition) should be selected. For with a magneto the engine can be started on the handle, and the car can be used by day even if the accumulator is removed from the car.

Fourthly, some discretion should be observed in buying cars with luggage containers. A grid conveying three or four trunks with the aid of straps is an untidy spectacle, and soils the luggage and the hands of the owner. It is obviously inferior to a capacious boot, fitted with a reasonable number of sizeable trunks or cases. But very few of these ideal boots exist. A typical modern car has in its tail a locker of purely casual shape and dimensions. It will not under any circumstances accommodate luggage for the crew, either in the form of suitcases already owned by the occupants, or of any standard size of case stocked by any shops in the world. Its thoughtless designer will advise critics to lower the lid, and utilise it as a grid. But very probably the lid has no cleats for straps, is much smaller than a grid should be, and being a hollow rectangle of welded steel does not lend itself to the fixing of cleats. The traveller would find his touring far simpler with the old-fashioned grid. If, in addition, the contour of the tail is ruined from an aesthetic standpoint by the shape of the locker, the buyer has received no benefit whatsoever. Certain cheap foreign cars possess shapely lockers with properly fitted cases of good capacity.

Fifthly, the buyer of a new car should pay close attention to his lamps. He will usually find that the car is furnished with four lamps, facing forwards. The headlamps will be satisfactory on a clear night. The sidelamps will be what are vulgarly called "bobby-dodgers," i.e., they will meet the requirements of the law, but provide no useful illumination whatsoever. The driver will consequently experience difficulty in fog, when his headlamps cannot be lit: and the car will be deficient in lateral light at short range in country lanes and whenever he is compelled to switch off his headlamps in town traffic. He can overcome these handicaps by substituting rather better sidelamps or by fitting some such foglamp as the Bosch, which affords useful short-range diffused light in traffic. I suspect that many accidents are due to the absence of this type of light. It can always be secured by altering the focus of the headlamps, but this expedient spoils the long-range illumination in clear weather.

R. E. DAVIDSON

Playtime

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 47.—NOGGS.

"We had good fun on our holiday," said Noggs.

"Indeed?" said I.

"Yes, every day one of us arranged a competition—a race, or something like that—and each of the others put a shilling into the pool. Then the one who had arranged the thing—the M.C., we called him—divided the pool into three different amounts, each of an exact number of shillings. These were the first, second, and third prizes for his particular event."

"You did well, I suppose?"

"Well, I took third prize in each event. Except, of course, in the one for which I was M.C. Each of us acted as M.C. once, and once only."

"How much did you win?"

"Well, you can work it out—if I give you two relevant facts. First, no two of us made the same division of the pool for which he was responsible. Second, the third prize was two shillings in the event for which I was M.C."

"Why, there still might be any number of solutions."

"No, there isn't. There can only be one solution. I ought perhaps to have told you that as well."

How much did Noggs win?

PROBLEM 45.—CALIBAN'S WILL.

Caliban is away enjoying a hard-earned (if not indeed a well-earned) holiday; and will report on his testamentary dispositions on his return therefrom.

PROBLEM 44.—CONFUSION AT THE RECTORY.

A set of *Low's Cartoons* goes to H. Friend, 15, Sefton Avenue, North Herton, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Six points are awarded for this problem.

PROBLEM 43.—THE STRONG BOX.

A set of *Low's Cartoons* goes to C. W. Roberts, 37, Lyncroft Avenue, Pinner, Middlesex.

Ten points are awarded.

PROBLEM 42.—THE MILITARY DINNER PARTY.

Herewith Mr. S. T. Shovelton's abbreviated solution:

The three children cannot be of the same family as there would then be eight related people, and these could not be seated so that no two were together. One of the two brothers must be the host, for in no other way can conditions 11 and 12 be satisfied. It soon follows that the name of the host must be Smith, and that his mother is seated next but one to the hostess on her right. This will allow the other brother to sit opposite to his father and two more are required who are seated opposite to their parents. This can only be done if the father and the daughter of one of the men or the mother and the son of one of the women are also present. If the age conditions be now applied it will be seen that the host and his brother are subalterns and that their father is the major.

TRINCULO'S ENIGMAS

I

DI-STRAIN-ED

II

L-AG-OON

III

CROSS-BOW

(Three meanings).

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

One set of Low's cartoons is awarded weekly to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition a record is kept of the names of senders of all correct solutions submitted. All solvers qualify for book prizes on a cumulative-point basis. For particulars see THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION of May 6th.

Solutions to the current problem must be addressed to CALIBAN c/o THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, 10 Gt. Queen Street, London W.C.2, and must reach this office not later than the next Tuesday but one after the date of publication.

CALIBAN

Peter Walker (Warrington) and Robert Cain & Sons, LIMITED.

Meeting of 7% Debenture Holders, Winchester House, Old Broad Street, Wednesday, 22nd November, 1933, at 2 p.m.

The purpose of the Meeting, which is convened by Order of the Court under Section 153 of the Companies Act, 1929, is to consider a Scheme for converting the existing Debenture Issue on terms approved by the Debenture Holders' Committee.

The terms shortly are:—

1. **For each £100 of the present 7 per cent. Debentures, £120 of new 4½ per cent. Debenture Stock will be issued.**
2. **Redemption by annual drawings commencing in 1936, at 104 per cent. plus accrued interest, as against £100 at present.**
3. **Company has option to repay after 1943 at £105 for each £100.**
4. **In the event of liquidation at any time the Stock to be repayable at £105 for each £100 instead of £100 as at present.**
5. **Further properties of the value of £1,190,000 to be added to specific security.**

Note.

(a) *Gross interest yield under revised proposals is £5 8s. against £7 at present.*

(b) *On drawings the cash payable will be £124 16s. as against £100 at present.*

(c) *If Company exercises its option to repay after 1943, the cash payable by the Company will be £126 in respect of each existing £100 Debenture.*

(d) *If Company goes into liquidation at any time, the cash payable by the Company will be £126 in respect of each existing £100 Debenture against £100 at present.*

The scheme as now submitted by the Company has been referred by the Committee to Lord Plender, who has formed the opinion that it is fair and reasonable, and has recommended its acceptance to the Debenture Holders.

IMPORTANT.

Proxies should be lodged at the Registered Offices of the Company, 24, Old Broad Street, London, E.C.2, not later than noon on Tuesday, the 21st instant.

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Wood Engravings by Clare Leighton are on show in the Art Department

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N.S.

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

THE RUN-AWAY DOLLAR—OUR EXPORTERS' PLIGHT—MR. ANGAS AND GOLD—WOOLWORTHS AND MARKS & SPENCER

THE dollar pursues its immoral course. In the week between writing two City pages, it has fallen from 4.90 to 5.40 to the pound. As we feared, the British Government still regards it as more important to bring Chancellor Hitler into a disarmament conference than President Roosevelt into an exchange conference. There appears to be no doubt in America about the President's intentions. It is confidently anticipated that "faked" gold buying will be continued until the dollar is forced down to 50 cents in gold, or until the desired rise in internal prices has been attained—whichever is earlier. It appears that the gold buying has been largely a game of bluff. Comparatively little gold has been bought, but sufficient panic has been created to bring about a slump in the exchange by frightening American capitalists out of their dollars into sterling securities. At the moment of writing the American price for gold is $35.56 per oz., which makes the dollar worth 61.59 cents in gold. This is equivalent to a sterling-dollar rate of 5.22. When the dollar is worth 50 cents in gold, the rate will be 6.40 to the pound, as long as the pound is anchored to the franc at 82. Of course, the dollar may not fall steadily to 6.40. There may be a pause in the gold-buying game just to steady the nerves. And if a real panic-flight from the dollar is seen, the President himself may take fright and begin to "talk" stabilisation. But it is foolish to argue that a dollar rate of even 5½ to the pound will have no effect upon our export trade. Some people imagine that American costs will rise so rapidly that the prices of American export goods will at once be raised. Anyone with any commercial experience knows that an exporter will never advance his prices when his currency begins to depreciate, for he will strive to capture trade from his rivals. Even when his costs have been increased his prices are rarely advanced by the same percentage as his currency has depreciated. Has the Board of Trade asked the motor-car exporters for their views? Has the Government inquired at Ottawa as to whether the Canadian dollar can be linked to sterling if the American dollar falls to 6? And if the currency of one Empire wheat exporter follows the dollar, what about the Australian and New Zealand pounds?

* * *

As it is clear that our National Government will do nothing but just muddle along, the chief hope of our exporters lies in an American collapse. But inflation is gaining ground. The Federal Government is committed to public works schemes of $3,150,000,000. The total cost of the National Recovery Programme, including loans made by the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, is estimated by the National Industrial Conference Board at $15,135,000,000 (including contingent liabilities). If anyone is afraid that no Government can really inflate, let him take heart. Inflation of the currency will come when the Washington Government is unable to renew its bills, for it will then have to print new notes to pay its officials, its creditors, and the 4,000,000 unemployed now taken off the local relief, and to finance the public works and so on. The great American inflation seems to be on the point of success. Our one lingering doubt is Mr. Roosevelt's personality. Does he hate consistency so much that he will not allow any policy to succeed? An American correspondent, expatiating on the popular support which Mr. Roosevelt still possesses, has alarmed us by describing the fan-mail which the President is receiving. The average daily mail of Mr. Coolidge was 400 letters, that of Mr. Hoover 600, but Mr. Roosevelt is averaging 3,800 a day. On the rush days of the week his mail is about 8,000 a day, and on the occasion of his second radio broadcast address he received 120,000 letters. It requires four secretaries and twenty stenographers to answer his mail, and he is said to be dictating personally and signing over 200 letters a day. It is certainly an advantage for any dictator to keep his feet on the earth, but deliberately to bury himself under a pile of paper is hardly a dictator's job. If he were buried under a shower of "greenbacks" it would be a different story.

* * *

The long-awaited, much-dreaded pamphlet of Mr. L. L. B. Angas on *The Coming Collapse in Gold* * has appeared this week and a sigh of relief will be heard from holders of gold shares as they read their sentence of death. Acting as judge, jury and hangman, Mr. Angas has found them guilty but has happily postponed their date of execution, leaving them even a chance of reprieve. In fact, Mr. Angas does not deny the possibility of a further rise in gold shares before the collapse. As a rise in the price of gold from 120*s.* to 135*s.* means that the burden of the new taxation imposed by the South African Government is virtually wiped out, Mr. Angas allows that Kaffir shares may be said to be cheap with gold at 130*s.* if costs and prices and the grade of ore worked remain as at present. Costs are expected to rise—certainly not to the degree which Mr. Angas anticipates—but the important factor is the price of gold. A 20 per cent. fall in the price of gold has a greater effect upon profits than a 20 per cent. rise in costs. As the price of gold is determined by the franc exchange, the vital question is whether the franc will depreciate in terms of sterling. Mr. Angas believes that the franc is at least 10 per cent. over-valued at 80—the present exchange rate is 82—that sterling is not likely to follow the dollar downhill, and that sterling will therefore strengthen against the franc. So far Mr. Angas is right, for the franc is now looking very weak. But the practical question is: At what point will the Exchange Equalisation Fund step in and peg the franc exchange? Many people believe that it will be pegged at 87¾, which is equivalent to a gold price of 120*s.* Looking farther ahead, Mr. Angas prophesies that the gold standard will be abandoned, for the nations will never be able to agree upon new parities. We are in sympathy with Mr. Angas's attack on the gold standard, but we are greatly afraid that the probabilities are against him, for statesmen *en masse* have no courage to make revolutions in currency. We will discuss Mr. Angas's monetary views in greater detail on a subsequent occasion, but we think that he has done the investor a service by pointing out that if the price of gold falls from 130*s.* to 120*s.* per ounce, the market valuation of South African gold shares may fall by 30 per cent.

* St. Clements Press. 5*s.*

* * *

Here is a statistical excursion for holders of Woolworths and Marks and Spencer. Have they ever calculated the value placed by the market on the goodwill of their businesses? The preference and ordinary shares of Woolworths are valued at present market prices at £80 millions, of which £68 millions represent goodwill. Woolworths operate about 500 stores. The tangible assets represent an average of £25,000 per shop and goodwill about £135,000 per shop. The average trading profit per shop amounts to £9,500 per annum and goodwill is valued at fourteen times the trading profit. Marks and Spencer, which carries on a similar business, operates 168 stores. The outstanding preference and ordinary shares are valued at £22 millions, of which £17½ millions is goodwill, so that in both cases the ordinary share capital is represented almost entirely by goodwill. The tangible assets of Marks and Spencer, as in the case of Woolworths, represent an average of £25,000 per shop, but goodwill is valued at £105,000 per shop. The average trading profits per shop amounts to £7,000 per annum and goodwill is valued at about fifteen times the trading profit. While these calculations go to the favour of Woolworths, it is believed that Woolworths have almost reached the limit of expansion, but that there is still considerable scope in the case of Marks and Spencer. Wherever Woolworths have gone Marks and Spencer can go, and Woolworths are 332 towns ahead of Marks and Spencer. The Marks and Spencer "scope" is valued at no more than one year's profits or £1 million. Nevertheless, if the published figures of the trading profits of the two companies are truly comparable, it may well be wondered why at the present price Marks and Spencer ordinary shares yield on earnings no more than about 4 per cent., whereas Woolworths yield nearly 6 per cent. on last year's profits.

	Present Price.	Last Finan. Year		Earnings Yield %.	Div. Yield %.
		% Earned.	% Paid.		
Woolworths 5/- ..	98/-	117.2	70.0	£5 19 7	£3 11 5
Marks & Spencer 10/-	9¼	75.4 plus 10% capital bonus	35.0	£4 1 6	£1 17 10 or £11 17 10*

* If bonus shares are sold at same market price as shares were originally bought.

A final word. If Marks and Spencer continue to expand and to give away bonus shares each year, and if the increase in capitalisation resulting from the bonus issue is not as large in percentage as the increase in trading profits (as is the case) then the shares need not look dear at 9¼.

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